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JOHN BULL

Vol. XIX. No. 524. SATURDAY. JUNE 17. 1916. ONE PENNY

[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

A 342192
For meaning of this number see page 14.

Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them: nought shall make us rue,
If Britain to itself do rest but true.

Edited by HORATIO BOTTOMLEY

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Gooseberries—

great and small—make the most delicious Gooseberry Fool with this recipe,

and you need no cream!

GOOSEBERRY FOOL—1 lb. Gooseberries, ½ lb. sugar, 1 pint Bird's Custard.
METHOD—Stew the Gooseberries until tender, with sufficient water to cover. Rub through a sieve (or through linen stretched over a basin). Prepare 1 pint of Bird's Custard, and while still hot, stir in the Gooseberry pulp. Serve when cold.

This is an unrivalled dish—easy to prepare and low in cost.
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Send postcard for free sample sufficient to prove.

KILL THAT INSECT, TOMMY.
Send your pals "out yonder" some tins of
HARRISON'S NURSERY POMADE
—they'll be very acceptable. When you haven't time to wash there's a big chance you'll have "companions." A little HARRISON'S POMADE KILLS EVERY INSECT on hair and body. Insist on having HARRISON'S POMADE. "Tins of comfort," at 4½d. and 6d. Sold by all Chemists—or by post from HARRISON, Chemist, Reading.

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Best for the Skin in Disease, Infection or Accident.
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Keep you dry always. Men's 8/6. Children's 7/6. Sou'-westers, 1/6. Long Leggings, 3/6. Guaranteed against stickiness, leakage or dissatisfaction on money-back method. Illustrated List Post Free. Send Post-card now for this Art Booklet of "Weather Comfort." to BARBOUR'S, Ltd., 67, BEACON BUILDINGS, SOUTH SHIELDS

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The Advertisement Guarantee is on page 16.

JOHN BULL

Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant:
Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.

Vol. XIX. No. 524. Week ending Saturday, June 17th, 1916. One Penny.

"THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE—*KAISER*."

[The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.]

Joffre in London.
Why was Joffre in London? *Watch Berlin!*

"Watch Russia!"
Do you remember our advice? We hope you are following it.

Ireland.
We still wish Mr. Lloyd George luck—*but all is not well with Ireland.*

A Plague Spot.
Don't forget that the *Hampshire*, which carried Lord Kitchener to his death, started from the Scottish port where not so long ago the cruiser *Natal* was blown up by an infernal machine. And yet no precautions!

Dinner-table Tattlers.
How *could* we expect to preserve secret the comings and goings of Lord Kitchener when even the Secret Intelligence Department cannot keep its mouth shut? Yes, at Headquarters at York Street there is tattle over the dinner-tables.

Birthday Honours.
Various readers ask, "Where is Beatty? Where is Jellicoe? Where are the other Navy boys?" We suppose we must wait till after the war, when, if they are still alive, they will doubtless be duly remembered.

Oh, those Papers!
"What am I to believe?" asks a despairing correspondent, who sends us a *Daily Mail* placard "Germany is *Not* Starving" and a *Daily Express* one—"Germany's Army Serious Food Shortage." Well, he pays his money and takes his choice. But "If you see it in JOHN BULL——!"

Birthday Echoes.
Congratulations on our tenth birthday still roll in. After going to press we received a most generous message from Lord Derby (which we were able to get in a portion of the issue), and amongst others which have since come to hand is one from Mr. R. P. Houston, M.P., who is good enough to say that we "have done a great national service in rousing the people to a sense of their duties and responsibilities in this war for freedom, justice and national existence," and that our "eloquent appeals to their patriotism have been splendid in their results." Many thanks, "R. P. H."—and more power to *your* elbow. And, amongst other late letters, comes one from Sir Richard Cooper—the "Business" M.P.—telling us that we "deserve well of the public for the great work we have done," and that "thanks to our efforts many reforms have been brought about." We have, indeed, made friends.

The Alien.
What of the alien *now?* Listen to this: "The most dangerous aliens in our midst are those that have got their naturalisation." These were the words of Lord Robert Cecil, spoken on May 13th, 1915! And listen, too, to this, from the lips of Mr. Bonar Law: "The naturalised Germans have not changed their feelings and are as strongly in sympathy with Germany as if they had spent their lives there. They are a danger to this nation, and I say that in my opinion the higher the position they occupy and the greater their wealth and influence, the more power, if they have the will, they have to injure us." *What about it?*

An Infamy.
And still the names of the Duke of Albany and the Duke of Cumberland, who are fighting on the side of the enemy, disgrace the roll of British peers.

Asquith's Excuse.
Mr. Asquith's excuse is that to deprive these treasonfelons of their peerages—they hold three apiece—"would require legislation which the Government are not prepared to introduce." Perhaps, after the Duke of Cumberland's congratulations to the Kaiser on the outcome of the naval engagement, even *this* obstacle may be overcome!

"The Mystery of 666."
Did you notice that the great sea battle occurred on the 666th day of the War; that Lord Kitchener was in his 66th year, whilst the news of his death was received on the 6th day of the 6th month of 1916? And I *have* heard that the crew of the *Hampshire* numbered 666! Strange, isn't it?

"Ridiculous."
The *War Cry* describes our recent accusation in reference to the publication of faked photographs as "a ridiculous charge." Personally, we should describe it as a very grave accusation. Our sense of humour differs considerably from that of our contemporary.

Von Bissing.
Is it the fact that Baron von Bissing, late of Hove, brother of the Military Governor of Brussels—and who was some months ago ordered to be interned—may now be seen jauntily strutting about the West End of London with a cigar in his mouth?

Order Now.
Mr. Raymond Blathwayt's book, "Horatio Bottomley—the Man as he is To-day," will be out on the 29th.

10,000 "Bullets" Prizes.
This is the last week of our record offer. If you do not send your coupon at once, you will be too late.

Our Free Insurance Coupon is on Page iii of Cover.

Encouraging!

Mrs. Charlesworth, Colonel Commanding the W.V.R., tells us that she recently rang up the London Ambulance Column and offered her ambulance for use on certain days. "Are the drivers women or men?" she was asked—and on replying that they were "all women," she was told that "the War Office will not allow any ambulance to be driven by women"! Well may she comment: "And yet we have Conscription."

Too Old at Forty.

Writing from Crawley, in Sussex, a reader says that the Minister of Munitions is the worst offender in protecting shirkers. "He talks about the dilution of labour, but takes care it is not diluted with men over 40. Unless highly skilled, a middle-aged man cannot get employment in a munition factory unless he has a friend at the works. The talk about combing out is all rubbish. The comb is practically all gaps and no teeth." What we have said, we *have* said.

Solicitude for Germhun Trade.

Sir William Clegg is a Sheffield product, but we hope he does not speak with the voice of Cutlerstown. For he "regards the proposal to boycott Germany in the matter of trade as an insane one which might result in injury to ourselves, to our Colonies, and to our Allies." Surely Sheffield has suffered sufficiently from "free trade" in German goods. What the Colonies think regarding future trade with the Huns, Australia has already told us. France has given her opinion; it is the same as our own. And it is totally different from that of Sir William Clegg.

The Kissing Curse.

We are almost inclined to begin to think the Kaiser must possess a vein of sardonic humour. His fulsome laudation of the "victorious" German Fleet, which signalised its triumph over the British Navy by running away, was surely "meant sarcastic." In reality, that atrophied organ the Chief Hun is pleased to call his heart probably was bursting with impotent rage against his admirals who, when confronted with equal forces, turned tail and ran for home. He could not very well curse them, for fear of public opinion, so he did the next worse thing—*he kissed them!*

Please Don't Throw Things!

Having on the Friday night made truth lie like an affidavit, and made the whole alleged disaster as clear as mud and a challenge to public criticism, the Admiralty issues another statement on the Monday, warning the press and the public against any criticism of "the professional conduct of sea officers holding high command who took part in the recent battle." That warning was fair and proper, but if the Admiralty had not carelessly handled the truth originally and had engaged Macaulay's fourth form schoolboy to revise its literary composition, there would have been no need for the warning at all.

Hospitals in France.

Knowing that wounded soldiers are treated well here at home, we are sorry to hear the men complain of different treatment in France. At the base hospitals there they say the food is indifferent, there are no outings or pleasures for convalescents, and no leave on recovery. German prisoners in the same wards are declared to receive preferential treatment. "The dread of all wounded men," says a sufferer, "is to be sent to their base in France." And he says that, travelling two days' journey from Boulogne, they had "enough food for one good meal. Fifteen German prisoners in the next compartment left more food than we had to start with." As our motto is that nothing can be too good for the wounded, we hope this serious complaint will catch the eye of the hospital authorities.

Another Robust Parson.

The war is undoubtedly speeding up the parsons. Here is the Rev. Cecil Watts-Read, of Perry Barr, telling his parishioners that "The armies of old, knights and yeomen alike, went into battle with the ringing shout, 'S. George for England!' We, of this century, echo that cry, and having God with us, S. George for us, and King George at our Empire's head, can we be downcast? No!" *That's* the way to talk.

Mad!

Some lunatics think all the world mad but themselves. Far be it from us to question President Wilson's sanity, but when he suggests, as he did when speaking to the Washington Press Club, that the combatants in the present war have been carried so far that they "cannot be held to the ordinary standards of responsibility," and that they are "mad" to continue, thereby justifying America's standing aloof from the fight, he invites the obvious retort. If the Allies are "mad" to continue fighting for freedom, honour, decency, settled peace, and all that is best in civilisation, then it is a thundering good job for America that we *are* mad!

Germhuns on the Loose.

What had been the little game of "Joseph Theodore Kokocinski, *alias* Leon," described as a "German eye specialist," before the Marylebone Magistrate gave him three months' hard the other day, is sufficiently obscure to be suspicious. The man was charged with failing to register himself as an alien enemy, and he had been "on a lecturing tour at Scarborough, Great Yarmouth, Northampton, Bristol, Bath, Devonport and Portsmouth, registering himself as a British subject." As a sight specialist, it is probable he has been lecturing on the blind eye of the British Government. They never see anything, even with the other, until after it has happened.

His Worship's Sunday.

A discharged soldier, wounded in the head and the hand at Ypres, applied at Newport (Mon.) to get his application for a pension filled up. "Are you the man who came to my house yesterday?" asked the Mayor. "Yes," said the applicant. And the Mayor dropped on him:—"Well, don't come again on Sunday. If I attended to everybody on Sundays there would be people on the doorstep all day." Now, that applicant may fight on Sunday and get shot on Sunday, but heaven forbid he should call on the Mayor of Newport on Sunday. But the Mayor was dreadfully in error. If his doorstep all day long was crowded with heroes battered in the war, they should be welcome. As only that one man called, the Mayor should not have turned him away. He should have honoured himself by asking the hero to lunch.

Starved Prisoners.

Lord Newton declared that he "cannot accept the statement that if it were not for parcels, British prisoners in Germany would be starved to death." He then negatived this by admitting that, but for the parcels, "it would have been impossible for them to have kept in good health." So even this lordly apologist confesses that slow starvation is practised. Let him and others consider these telling words, written by the wife of a prisoner in Germany:—"Has it taken nearly two years to find out that the men are being hungered to death? I, who have my husband there, know it only too well. I have had to keep him, with money I could ill spare and which I could have done with to spend on my three little children. There has been a lot said about holding the heads of Germany responsible for their lives. Why not come nearer home and hold the heads of our Government responsible?" Why not?

The Pen That Gets All the Praise, The "J. B." Pe-

Small Fry of the Stage.

"A poor pro." asks us to go on protesting against the Bishop of London's campaign against variety and the cinema. Daylight saving and the new amusement tax have already wreaked much harm on the smaller halls and on the small fry of the profession. The closing down of little touring dramas and revues would result in casting to the wolves many bright, good girls, who at present earn a respectable, but far from princely, living on the humbler stage. It is not the big halls and theatres that suffer.

The Bee in the Hat.

Mr. G. A. Dunn, the three-and-ninepenny hatter, has been explaining why he has four sons who have based their claims to military exemption on "the moral principles on which their lives are ordered." He is himself a "conscientious objector"—a conscientious objector of sorts, that is. He makes military caps for officers. "It is only a small part of the business," says the conscientious Dunn, "and only one of the things I dislike. To give it up would injure others, and this I should have no right to do." But why, if it is wrong, did he take it on? Did he forget the law in seeking the profits?

The Germhun Specialist.

Kennaway, baker, of 5 and 7, Holborn Street, Aberdeen, prints some curious information on the paper bags in which he encloses his tasty confections. Two lines in blue ink read:—"Vienna Bread a speciality," and "German specialities made by a German." Then there is a line in red ink:—"Specialities still made, but by British labour." It leaves us in the dark whether the application is to the Viennese specialities or the German ones. If Kennaway has got rid of his Hun, he should burn his bags. Then perhaps Aberdonians may forget that some of his stuff was once "made by a German," whosoever maketh it now.

Ginger for Tribunals.

Some of the Tribunals apparently need gingering. As the result of two recent sittings at Paignton not one man was passed into the ranks, all securing exemption of some kind. Margate is also generous in excusals, letting off a jeweller's assistant, perhaps for fear the rates should suffer, a cinema man, because of the capital invested in the business (whose capital it is was not publicly stated), and others who might have been spared. A man, refused exemption at York city, where he is known, appealed at Northallerton, and succeeded. It is almost like a London citizen securing exemption at Wayback-in-the-Hole. At Southampton all applicants mentioned in the report were exempted.

Religion v. Rant.

From the trenches comes a protest very human and not unexpected. It is the fighting men's objection to being overdosed with religion. The Army has its Chaplains, respects them, and is content with them. It does not need extra attentions from—they are soldiers who speak—"Salvation Army blusterers, and advertising Revivalists who come out to get experiences which shall earn them bigger fees." It does not put them in better spirits to be perpetually asked, "Are you prepared to die?" They say:—"We are prepared to die, but would prefer to meet the Germans and live." And here is a telling passage:—"They remind us of all the old conceptions of hell fire, and it frightens some of the young lads into abject terror. Could you see them you would use your whole energy to call off these 'missionaries' from persecuting boys leading clean and sober lives." The protest has our warm approval; good soldiers should not be worried—and insulted—by bad sky-pilots.

A Misplaced Pride.

Ebenezer Baptist Church, Burnley, prints in its magazine a fine list of lads, members of the Church, who are serving with the colours. So far, so good—in fact, splendid. But the minister, the Rev. C. W. Townsend, also prints in the same magazine "A Word of Cheer"—addressed to "four of his young men who are 'conscientious objectors,'" but have been called up by the military authorities. And he says:—"We are as proud of them as of our boys on the Roll of Honour." It is a false pride, and we fancy the reverend gentleman would suffer a shock to the nervous system could he receive the unvarnished opinion thereof held by those lads of his on that Roll of Honour which is dishonoured by the comparison he makes.

An Open Death-trap.

Two headlines in a Manchester newspaper spell sadness and stupidity:—"Runcorn Child Drowned" is the sad line; "Another Ferry Hut Tragedy" is the stupid, almost criminal, line. For other children have been drowned in that tempting spot on the Ship Canal—by the Ferry Hut. The latest victim was a poor little chap of seven, son of an insurance agent, who is a new-comer in the district. And now Runcorn people are only wondering who will be the next to meet an untimely death at that fatal, tempting spot. There is a notice board of warning, but what bright boy of seven is going to worry about a board when the water calls him on a sunny day? The Canal Company might, it is said, erect a railing to render the spot a safe one. At present it is known as a proven death-trap. Death must be driven from that lair of his.

Enemies at Large.

The West Kent Tribunal heard an appeal for exemption as a "conscientious objector" by a creature of German parentage, George Roderwald, who lives with his parents at Sydenham. This being told the Court that his sympathies were entirely with Germany, and he hoped the Germans would win the war. The father is in business in the corn trade in the City, and the "facts are known to the Home Office." The appeal was dismissed, but the avowed pro-Hun is going before the Central Committee for another try. He most certainly should not be in the Army, and he most certainly should not be living with pa at Sydenham. Internment for the pair of them is the mildest course we would prescribe. At the same Court, and with the same result, appealed a Penge hairdresser named Umlauft, described in the newspaper report as "an Austrian, who said his feelings were, up to a certain extent, Austrian." When such people openly avow their enmity, freedom for them is blind foolishness.

A Callous Company.

A railwayman, resolved not to become a conscript and burning to do his duty, enlisted without permission and left the L. & N. W. Ry. after more than 12 years' service, sacrificing all the money he had paid into the various sick and benefit societies. Neither he nor his wife has received one penny from the Company since he joined up, and in all his time on the line he never once asked for a railway pass. Now, being home for a little, having done a bit on the other side, he thought he would like to visit, before returning to the trenches, a brother, also a soldier, whom he has not seen for 13 years. So he asked his late employers, the L. & N. W., for a pass. And the reply? A cold expression of official regret, and a big No! We are certainly surprised that so good a man should be so scurvily looked on. He asked for little; just a corner in a third-class coach because, before facing death again, he yearned for a sight of his soldier-brother. Turning a deaf ear to his plea is no credit to the Company.

You've Yet Time to Win That £1,000 "Bullets" Prize.

Honour the Heroes.

Canada has the patriotic good sense to issue war badges to her returned warriors who have "done their bit" at the front. Again we say, it is time we distinguished the men who have fought from those who have not smelt powder—more particularly when they have passed once more into civil life.

Too Late!

Just reflect—the men who went down on the *Invincible* in the North Sea battle fought the good fight against Von Spee off the Falkland Islands and yet never received a medal for that glorious victory. When *will* the Admiralty and the War Office render honour where it is due?

Lost, an Umbrella.

A fellow-feeling makes us wondrous kind; we have lost umbrellas ourselves. This one belongs to Mr. H. H. Strange, of 11, Church Lane, Hornsey, London, and he left it in a G.N. train at King's Cross. He appeals to us to try and recover it—no joke—for him, on the ground that it was presented to him "By G. W. C. Young Men's Class, July 14th." An inscription to that effect is engraved on the handle. On receiving the umbrella, Mr. Strange promises ten shillings to the finder and ten-and-six to our War Fund.

A Right Worshipful Mayor.

Mr. Bertrand Watson, Mayor of Stockton, attested under the Derby scheme, has been passed for military service, and expects to join up at once. The Town Council does not want to lose him—so the city fathers, in meeting assembled, moved that they should straightway appeal for his exemption. And Mr. Watson surprised them. He was gratified at their good feeling, but—when he attested, he meant going through with it. He had no wish to shelter behind his office; he begged the Council not to appeal, but to let him take the correct course. And the Councillors cheered him, and we cheer him, for he has the distinction of being the only attested chief magistrate in the country. Good man!

"Like a Rough."

A curious kind of clock-maker Gustave Mettais must be. Describing himself as of Canonbury Square, and being in business in St. John Street, E.C., he was charged with assaulting a soldier's wife in Tottenham Court Road. She complained that he threw his arms around her neck and used an endearing expression. About six other men surrounded her, pulled her bag, and her money dropped out. She admitted that Mettais had none of the money, but the fact does not excuse an abominable assault upon a respectable woman, an assault that, whatever was its real intent, laid her open to robbery by a gang of roughs. A fine of £5, while it marked the Magistrate's sense of the offence, probably hurt Mettais but little. It may, however, teach him that decent women in this country cannot be molested with impunity.

His Last Wish.

From a soldier's letter:—"The other day they took off six—and I could have snivelled. The nurse asked one poor chap, who *did* look bad, if she could get him anything, and he just smiled and said 'JOHN BULL, please, Miss,' and so she got it for him after a little trouble. And he read it till the end came. I'm sure Horatio would like to know a dying man's only wish was for his paper. That shows what a soldier thought of him, and as a rule a soldier is a good judge of character."

Roberts as Tommies.

Metropolitan policemen, having received a hint that the Chief Commissioner of Police intends to press young married men to join the Army, are of opinion that the 4,000 single men should be first called on. There are also about 5,000 ex-Army men in the police force. From these two sources about 2,500 men volunteered for the Army last year, but were not permitted to join up. "If," say the constables, "the Chief would ask for volunteers, he would get plenty, and we that remain could do 12 hours duty per day instead of 8—which would relieve about 5,000 men." Perhaps Scotland Yard will consider this very honest offer?

Science Made Easy.

In recent years our national progress in science has been nothing short of marvellous. "It is found," said a lecturer at the Royal Irish Academy, the Rev. J. P. Mahaffy, C.V.O., D.D., President, "that dibenzylidenediflavanone can be obtained directly from diacetoresorcinol by condensation with excess of benzaldehyde in the presence of alcoholic hydrochloric acid, and in the same way the authors have obtained dipiperonylidenedimethylenedioxydiflavanone." If the nation can deal that staggering blow at the Germhuns with simple dibenzylidenediflavanone, think what it could do with half a cod liver and a ha'porth of chips!

A Saddening Oversight.

"He was our only child, twelve years of age," say the parents of little Victor Andrews, late of Bristol. On 17th February the boy fell into the river at Bristol and met an all too early death. The poor lad's body was not recovered then, and the parents, having furnished a full description to the police, made a number of inquiries at the station, but learned nothing. Yet on March 24th the little form was taken from the waves at Lydney, whence the Bristol police were notified, the particulars including a description of the two scout badges found in the coat. That identification alone should have sufficed, but the parents were not told, and their boy Victor was buried at Lydney as "unknown." It is a sad, deplorable story, and we think the Bristol police owe a very humble apology to the distressed parents. Some consolation might have been theirs, but inefficiency or carelessness denied it.

PRINTER'S PIE.

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published under this heading. Envelopes must be marked "Pie.")

"HACKNEY SPECTATOR" (Hackney Volunteer Corps Orders):—
"Church Parade at Hackney Church. Band and all Sections to attend. FALL IN CLAPTON POND at 10.30."

"THE CHURCH AND HOME":—
"One man writes:—'May I offer you my warmest thanks for your gift of socks which I received to-day from our Chaplain. I SHALL ALWAYS WEAR THEM.'"

"HOME CHAT":—
"'If the ash is out before the oak, Then you'll get a thorough soak.' That means that if the ash-leaves come out first, it will be a NICE, FINE SUMMER."

"LIVERPOOL ECHO" (advertisement):—
"Red Noses. NEWLY-FURNISHED BY WARING'S."

"THE TIMES" (advertisement):—
"Poultry Keeping. COMFORTABLE HOME to young lady paying guest, TO SHARE GOOD PENS."

"EVENING EXPRESS" (Cardiff):—
"At a distance of 200 MILES Captain —— saw two ships burning."

"WESTERN MORNING NEWS" (advertisement):—
"——, the World's Magic CAPE CURE (PATRONISED BY ROYALTY)."

Candid Communications.

This page is devoted to Open Letters to Celebrities, Notorieties and, occasionally, Nonentities.

To Admiral Sir John Jellicoe, G.C.B

DEAR SIR JOHN,—Later news of the naval battle merely serves to deepen our admiration for the British Fleet, and to quicken our sense of gratitude to the gallant boys in blue, in whose sturdy keeping are the noblest traditions of our island race. If our rejoicings are tinged with regret it is that you were denied the opportunity of a fight to a finish, which would undoubtedly have resulted in the complete destruction of the German squadrons. However, with complete confidence we await that greater "Day." I beg you to convey my cordial greetings to the officers and men of your command.

JOHN BULL.

To Vice-Admiral Sir David Beatty, K.C.B.

DEAR SIR DAVID,—The story of your heroic fight against overwhelming odds, in the effort to lure the German Fleet to its destruction, is a tale of valour and endurance unmatched in the annals of the sea. With the achievements of the British Navy in this greatest of wars your name will ever be associated. Your lion-hearted courage is in itself a powerful earnest of victory.

JOHN BULL.

To the Right Hon. Herbert Samuel, M.P., Home Secretary.

DEAR MR. SAMUEL,—There are signs on every hand that the enemy alien peril is once more presenting a problem of acute moment, and the nation looks to you for a drastic change of policy. For one thing, there have been far too many cases of the release of enemy subjects from the internment camps; and the public have consequently lost faith in the administration of the existing law. Quite recently I heard of an employer who had been asked over the telephone by the Home Office to take an interned German into his service. What on earth does it all mean? JOHN BULL.

To the Right Hon. Walter Long, M.P., President of the Local Government Board.

DEAR MR. LONG,—Do please take means to put right those over-fussy, autocratic Recruiting Officers who have already begun to send out to men certified as medically unfit, circulars stating that they will be called up in two months' time. According to Mr. Maclean, Chairman of the House of Commons Tribunal, "there is nothing in the War Office instructions which justifies any official" in issuing such a document, which is "in direct opposition to War Office wishes and instructions." I do not know how that may be. This sort of conflict between the War Office and Recruiting Officers whom it is supposed to direct is not rare. It occurred in the Derby scheme, and it occurred under the first Military Service Act; and it is time these recalcitrant officials were pulled up with a jerk. Men medically unfit are no good as soldiers, and it is folly and worse to take them from the civil job they can do and harness them to a military job they can't, merely to swell numbers. An Army with a weak heart is worse than a Government with a weak head. JOHN BULL.

To the Rev. Newton Parsons, Board of Guardians, Wincanton, Somersetshire.

DEAR PARSONS,—I like your vigorous protest against the exemption by the County Appeal Tribunal of the servants of the Charlton Hawthorne Hunt. I think with you that exemption claims made on the plea that hunt servants are indispensable because hunting improves the breed of horses is all bunkum; and as the members of the Tribunal believed it I am bound to question whether it improves even the breed of asses. I too think it is "a monstrous thing that these hounds and horses should be maintained at full power, or nearly full power," at the expense of the Army, at such a time as this. The candid truth is that, war or no war, the rich county people want to keep the huntsmen, as they keep their horses and their dogs, so that they may not be deprived of the pleasures of the chase. Apart from this aspect of the question, the 120 dogs of this particular Hunt are eating sufficient food to fatten 200 pigs a year. I do not think Hunts should be entirely depleted of staff servants, but I do think that, in your own words, "the packs should be reduced to a stud minimum, so that they can breed again when the war is over." JOHN BULL.

To R. L. Outhwaite, Esq., M.P., Westminster.

PRECIOUS PACIFIST,—"Scratch my poll, and I'll scratch yours," is a game parrots are supposed to play. You plunged deep into the pastime at Blackburn, expressing your gladness at being permitted to open your mouth in the constituency of the smileless Snowden. When the war is over, you said, you would have the "immeasurable gratification" of knowing that neither yourself nor the said Snowden was responsible for the British victory in the North Sea. Only you called it a "crime," even when you referred to our sailors as "brave British souls." But your idea of bravery is confusing, not to say absurd. For—scratching Snowden's poll more vigorously than ever—you wound up by declaring that "perhaps" —(I approve that "perhaps")—"the most heroic figure throughout the present time has been the Labour Member for Blackburn. For cool courage we had never seen his equal." When you can face an audience and make such a statement I should think your cool courage—or stone-cold cheek—knocks Snowden's into the middle of next week, but I note that your speech was made at the I.L.P. Institute, at a pleasant Sunday gathering, before an audience that would, apparently, stand anything.

JOHN BULL.

To Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg, Germhun Chancellor, Berlin.

MEIN HERR,—I perceive you have risen once again in the *Reichstag* in an endeavour to delude the Germhuns into the delusion that they are not being deluded. But it is evident you are on the defence in your own House, that they have no confidence in your promises, have lost faith in your facts, and—notwithstanding your hysterical appeals to them to look at the war map—realise that looking at the war map does not diminish their privations, does not break the British blockade, does not give them a decisive victory, and does not bring them one step nearer the peace for which they crave and clamour. Too often you have set their church bells ringing for Pyrrhic victories; too often have you sent the people flag-fluttering through the thoroughfares without altering the situation; and, with all your chin-wagging, your speech, from exordium to peroration, can be expressed in your comment on Jutland, "England is not beaten thereby." This, mein Herr, accounts for your furious *apologia*, and, boast as you will, it does not allay the dismay of your countrymen.

JOHN BULL.

To the Right Hon. Arthur J. Balfour, M.P., First Lord of the Admiralty.

DEAR MR. BALFOUR,—With your general conclusions in regard to the naval battle, I have no quarrel whatever; but I still think the Admiralty were a good deal at fault in their manner of conveying the news to the public. The terms of the first announcement were most unfortunate; and if the temperament of the nation had been less surely balanced, consternation and dismay might have reached a dangerous point. In that case not even the tidings of your appointment to the Order of Merit for "distinguished services to philosophy and literature" would have saved you from an outburst of popular anger which might have carried you some distance from Whitehall. JOHN BULL.

To Donald Maclean, Esq., M.P., House of Commons.

DEAR DONALD,—I notice that, sitting as Chairman of the House of Commons section of the London Appeal Tribunal, you had before you the case of a young Jew, to whom you are reported to have observed, "This nation has been very fair to your people, and it is high time they rendered their full service to us." Did you realise what a gross injustice you were inflicting upon the whole of Jewry by that jibe? Aren't you aware that there are upwards of twenty thousand Jews with the Colours to-day—sacrificing their scruples regarding food and festivals and other things incidental to their religion? Have you never heard of those Jews who have already won the V.C. and other distinctions in the field? Come, my dear Donald, do the right thing and apologise.

JOHN BULL.

Without Fault or Flaw, The "J. B." Pen.

THE PASSING OF A GIANT.

A WARRIOR AMONGST WARRIORS—A MAN AMONGST MEN.

By A. G. HALES.

A GIANT has gone into the shadows, and all the world is poorer for his passing, for he so lived and died that men of smaller mould knew in their souls that he was one of God Almighty's landmarks. His fame did not belong to us alone; wide as our Empire is, it was not broad enough to garner all his greatness. There is no spot within the circumambient earth, from snow-clad coasts to sun-burned plains, where patriots, warriors, statesmen, and true sons of toil are found, where Kitchener's name and fame is not a watchword. Even our foes, the men who hate us with the hate of hell, are forced in very shame to do him reverence. For nearly half a centu y he was his country's servant, and at the end—its saviour; and as servant or saviour Britain's honour was to him the richest jewel in life's diadem. Fame came to him unsought, and met him with a smiling face whilst he toiled upward on the rough-hewn path of Duty. He was no wooer of the fickle goddess, nor would he stoop to sweep the pavements with his eyes to win the plaudits of the multitude; yet ever in the hour of storm and stress to him the people turned, asking his aid, and giving him that splendid faith and loyalty which have no price, and cannot be measured in terms of tongues. He was trustworthy, and men and women of all degrees trusted him; to what higher pinnacle of fame can mortal man aspire? The nation gave him a blank cheque upon its confidence, and bade him fill it in. His little private circle loved him, and one man knew, like Moses in the Wilderness, how to touch the rock of his affection till love gushed forth like water. His brother's sailor son, whose name may yet be great in British history, was to the stern, unbending warrior what Jonathan was to David. What Kitchener was to the gallant young sailor, only God and the sailor know; 'tis not for me to measure love like theirs, but this I know—that when the news of the great Field-Marshal's fate shall reach the sailor on the deep, his soul's cry will be as the cry of David over the death of Absalom —"I would to God I could have died for thee."

A Dainty Dream of Womanhood.

Few men, or women either, knew what lay beyond the portals of the public life of the grey granite man who lifted Britain from next to nothingness as a military power, and made her one of the world's greatest land fighting forces. To the masses of mankind he was chilled steel all through; and because his heart was never upon his sleeve, the thoughtless and the gross called him that loathsome thing—a woman-hater—as if a real warrior *could* be a hater of women. From the days of Troy to the siege of Verdun, history has proved that the better the fighter the more faithful the lover. Our hero's life held one romance, and because it was real and deep it was life-lasting. Only a human ghoul would seek to drag the details of that romance into the garish light of day, but because of it he reverenced all good women, and paid homage only to one. It was a romance such as the old Troubadours loved to sing about in the fair fields of France, in a bygone day—a romance sweet as the fragrance of violets, pure as lilies of the vale—and it made him clean and strong; and though I have no prophet's vision, it well may be that in the last dread hour, when the grey waters of the cold, cruel sea curled round him in their death-locking embrace, the dainty face that had been his guiding star through life was the last thing that flashed before those brave blue eyes that had looked so often and so fearlessly into the throat of death. Ah, my friends, if only you *knew*—as I know—the story of that beautiful romance, and his life-long fidelity to it, you would indeed smile when you hear the faithful lover called a "woman-hater."

His Scorn of Mere Money.

He knew the value and the power of money, as all men do who have had to hew a path for themselves through life, but he never harnessed his soul to the car that draws the golden calf; his soul was too big for such a course as that, his outlook on life too lofty and far-reaching. A great banking account, or a great and historic name, were no passports to his sympathy or his favours. If ever a man lived who bestowed honour according to merit, he was that man. He raised those under him according to the work they achieved. Gilded incompetence found no friend in him; personal worth was the only standard he recognised, and the sluggard and the dunce went to the scrap-heap without mercy. He gave his country of his very best, and he demanded of all men who came within his sphere of influence the best that was in them, and winked at no weakness. He realised that war was business, and human life its capital, and he never squandered his capital, nor permitted underlings to do so—though he would venture his own life and the lives of others pitilessly when necessity demanded it. But since the days of Cæsar there never existed a leader of men who more abhorred mere spectacular display in action, for he was Spartan-like in his simplicity. Thoroughness of preparation, minute care in training, the power to look ahead and foresee the outcome of events, combined with a microscopic eye for detail, made him the first captain of the age. He adored truth, he never told or acted a lie, and never forgave a subordinate who did. He had enemies who sowed the seeds of slander broadcast; so, for that matter, had the Great Nazarene; so would He have if He came to earth to-day—it is one of the paradoxes of our species that nothing breeds slander like a clean life; birds of destruction *always* peck the choicest fruit.

His Training Ground.

The Old East made him. He was really fashioned for his life's work in the great silences of the illimitable desert; he absorbed his magnetic calmness and immeasurable self-control from the shadows of the Pyramids. He became lion-like in the silent places, and when, in these latter days, his private enemies assailed him, he took the darts and javelins of their malice with the terrible grandeur of the king of beasts. Doubtless he felt his wounds; doubtless he would have repaid in full measure, had he lived until public duty left him free to attend to private matters—but that hour never came, and they are safe from him now. Whether they will be safe from the nation's contempt remains to be seen. His glorious manly life is ended; the Gods called him and he had to go, and he went like a soldier. But he left us an heirloom. We have to carry on his work; we have to knit up as one man to his successor, and give Sir William Robertson loyal service; we have as a nation to carry on Kitchener's plans until we trample the face of the foe in the dust, if it takes us a score of years and a million lives. Nothing but victory, overwhelming and crushing, would have satisfied him; for that he worked, for that he planned; that he would have achieved. We, the British nation, are the custodians of his honour as well as our own, and we must see his plans through. His King loved him, his Queen honoured him, his army adored him; shall his countrymen fail him? As God lives, I trow not!

GERMANY'S SECRET CABLE.

SOME SIGNIFICANT FACTS.—THE INVISIBLE HAND.—WHO BETRAYS US?

By William Le Queux.

FOR some years—long before the war—I have endeavoured to bring home to the public a realisation of the peril of the Invisible Hand of Germany, and to-day the lamented death of Lord Kitchener once more brings home to us the truth of my assertion, made publicly in 1906, and since repeated time after time, that there is in our country a spy organisation, cleverly conceived and cunningly concealed, of which our Intelligence Department—excellent though it be—has been able to gain no knowledge.

Significant Facts.

Can there be any more pitiable illustration of our official ignorance than the published facts? The news of Lord Kitchener's death was issued by the Press Bureau at 2 p.m. on June 8th, yet *within half-an-hour* the newspapers containing the intelligence were actually being sold in the streets of Berlin; while in Copenhagen—with which we have cable communication—the news was not known until 5 p.m. The Invisible Hand of Germany sent the news from London to Berlin by some secret and rapid means of communication. The Man-in-the-Street in Germany knows what is happening in Great Britain hours before the man who walks along the Strand. As proof of this I assert that *full and accurate* reports of certain Zeppelin raids upon British territory have been published in the Italian newspapers twenty-four hours before we at home have known that there has been a raid at all, we being given the most meagre information that bombs have been dropped "in the Eastern Counties." Subscribing to various Italian newspapers, I have read in them how upon certain small towns and villages—places which I have been compelled to look up on my maps—bombs have been dropped. Whence does this rapid and correct intelligence emanate? All the telegrams concerning Zeppelin raids—so accurate that they are amazing—are transmitted from Basle. That the German War Staff, known to its agents by the code-address of "Number Seventy, Berlin," long ago carefully prepared for all eventualities, I have many times asserted upon public platforms, and of it I hope here to give efficient proof.

Wireless or Submarine Cable?

Now that communication has been severed with Germany since August, 1914, there can be only two means of sending information—either by wireless, or by submarine cable. Both modes are more than probable. To establish wireless communication with Norddeich, at the mouth of the Elbe, is not at all a difficult matter. Before the war, at my own private wireless station on the cliff outside Cromer—which I held for experimental purposes under licence from the Postmaster-General—I could receive messages at any time from Norddeich, and, in the conduct of my experiments, I frequently found myself talking to that station. Now if I could speak openly to Germany, why could not spies speak secretly to-day? Of late, the improvements in wireless have been many. No network of wires overhead is required to receive messages from Germany on British soil, and those who possess technical knowledge of wireless know full well that a spy's wireless outfit to receive can be carried in a cigar-box upon a bicycle. To transmit, the apparatus is more bulky, but it can easily be installed in any country house fitted with electric-light. My theory is that there are to-day in existence in England certain of these secret stations established on the German *Telefunken* system, the "note" of which heard in the head-phones would deceive our people into believing it to be a neutral ship at sea, or a station on the German or Belgian coast. There are yet two other possibilities to be considered. The first is the sending of an innocently-worded cablegram from London to New York, to be there coded and transmitted by the German-American Wireless Station at Sayville, back over the Atlantic to Nauen, near Potsdam—or, secondly, the existence of a secret cable.

A Secret German Cable.

Of the latter there is grave suspicion. In 1913, in the performance of certain secret service work on behalf of my country, I was present and watched the laying of the new German cable which the German cable-ship *Vulcan* brought into Mundesley, in Norfolk, and laid across to the island of Norderney. The cable was established with the full consent of the British Government, though there were in existence other and ample cables to Germany, the shore-end of two of them being, indeed, quite close by, at Bacton. My identity was unknown to the German cable-engineers on shore in the Board of Trade rocket-house, and, having some knowledge of submarine telegraphy, I actually assisted the three Huns with their mass of apparatus in putting the constant tests upon the cable as it was in process of being paid out across the North Sea. The work occupied two nights and days, but on the second afternoon a strange incident occurred. Over the land-line from Scotland came a message—the first to be sent to Berlin when the cable was landed at Norderney. It was placed against the tapping-key ready for sending, and I glanced at it. The message was a significant one from the German Crown Prince, at that moment in Scotland, and addressed to the Emperor. It read: "Hurrah! for a strong Navy!" As proof, a copy of that message is now in the archives of the Intelligence Department, and I have a letter from the Director of Intelligence thanking me for my service. My belief is that the cable, manufactured by the Norddeutsche Seekabelwerke A. G. of Nordenham, was—in the light of the Imperial congratulations—laid with one object, namely, for the use of the Invisible Hand. It would surely have been quite easy for the cable-ship to land one end of the line at Mundesley and then, when a few miles at sea, splice in a second shore-end, seal it and dump it into the sea ready to be dredged up and landed at some other point on the East Coast when the line at Mundesley was cut. Perhaps it was over this strategic cable that word of poor Kitchener's journey leaked from the same official source.

The Invisible Hand.

We know, too, that the Invisible Hand, this silent Anglophobic mailed fist, has long been steadily at work for our discomfiture. We see its deadly finger-prints everywhere. The refusal of the late Ministry to hold a court-martial on the loss of the *Formidable;* the refusal to grapple boldly with the Irish Rebellion; the destruction of the Dominion Parliament House at Ottawa; the loss of Sir Christopher Craddock's squadron; the suborning of the self-accused spy. Lincoln; the escape of the *Goeben* and the *Breslau*; the provision of luxuries for interned German officers; the comedy-performance of Ahlers; the refusal to intern all enemy aliens, naturalised or unnaturalised; and the sending to their deaths Lord Kitchener and his staff, are but a few of the many illustrations of the irresistible power possessed by this Hand, and the subtle strangle-hold which it to day exerts upon the nation. Will not the authorities now at last awaken and boldly face the danger of the enemy in our midst?

THE PLOT THAT FAILED.

SOME SECRETS OF THE CONSPIRACY AGAINST LORD KITCHENER.

BY CHARLES PALMER (*Late Editor of "The Globe"*).

IT was the confidence and affection of the British people that kept Lord Kitchener in his great office. It was his consciousness that, whatever the politicians might say, he had the love and trust of the nation that induced him to continue at his post until the end. Let me give my reasons for both these statements and lift a corner of the veil which, except to those of us who were behind the scenes, still covers what has been called the "November plot." I do not propose to say all I might say or to tell all I could tell. The time for a full disclosure is not yet—for certain reasons, there is need still for reticence. But as one who was suddenly forced into the limelight just after Lord Kitchener went on that mission to Greece, from which it was hoped by many he would never return—that is, return as Secretary of State for War—I think this is an opportune moment to make certain revelations. I need hardly say that they only go to add to our admiration for the man and the soldier; for the strong, simple character—no match, and yet in a sense every match, for the guileful politician—for one who put country and duty before everything.

Fear of the Public Outcry.

What a shock that was to the nation when, now seven months ago, they realised that there had been a risk of losing Lord Kitchener as War Secretary; what a relief it was when all risk was passed and the great man returned to the War Office with the seals of office still in his pocket. Do you remember how all the Coalition Press tried to prepare the nation for his passing from Whitehall to some other sphere of activity, and recall how—in spite of official denials—those writers who were supposed to be deepest in the confidence of Ministers persisted in the suggestion that he was likely to find some new outlet for his abilities? And Kitchener would have gone. It was only the public outcry that stopped it. He might have gone earlier—at the time when he was personally attacked because of the shortage of shells. That attack I know was honestly meant—it was put forward under a sense of public duty. We will not now argue to what extent it was justified, or how much it was the work of Kitchener's enemies acting on a mind burning with patriotic zeal for vigour and power in the prosecution of the war. The immediate result of that attack was to rally round the War Secretary the great, warm-hearted British people. They did not know all the facts—they could not know them. But they loved the man; they trusted him.

Justification that could Wait.

It was the knowledge that he had the people behind him which made Lord Kitchener strong to stubbornness—stubborn, that is, when he knew he was right and those who opposed him were wrong. That personal "dossier" of his—that bulk of papers which he would have produced in due time when the history of big guns and big shell had to be written—is, I hope, still in existence. If it is, those who stood in close confidence with "the Chief" must see to it that his work is vindicated. "There is no hurry," he said on one occasion (there was something of the Oriental about the dead soldier and statesman), "these papers can wait; *we* can wait." Time is on the side of the unsulliable reputation; history is the testing crucible. And when the great story of our war preparations is told in the years to come, when all the secrets are revealed and the graves where little reputations lie buried give up their dead, the strength and splendour, the simplicity and the power of Kitchener's character will stand revealed.

It was on November 5th—appropriate date—that the big plot to remove him from the War Office failed. He was to go away to the East; the nation was to be gradually familiarised with his absence from the War Office, and he was to be kept abroad on other "important duties." That was the scheme. Personal friends of "the Chief" who knew what was in the wind implored me to expose the little game. The politicians might describe him as "the fraud and failure of the war"—those who trusted him determined to remain faithful. *The Globe* startled the world and so helped to keep Kitchener at his post for the Empire. A big thing to say? Yes, but Kitchener himself confessed that, but for his friends in the Press—and he had very few last November—his path back to Whitehall would have been thorny and stony. "At least we are agreed on one thing," said a prominent Cabinet Minister at a time when he and his colleagues were at sixes and sevens—"to get rid of Kitchener." Well, they did their best. But the national will was up against them; and when the truth was told and the country was roused the politicians shook in their shoes. Those most anxious to be rid of the soldier from the Cabinet—how these politicians hate the man of action!—were enraged at the 5th of November revelations. Many close friends of Cabinet Ministers personally blamed me—for what? "You have spoiled the whole thing; we thought we had got rid of Kitchener, and you have made it certain that he will return." Yes, that was the crime; it was a privilege to have been the criminal. Those who denounced us then are to-day shedding crocodile tears. It is so easy to bestow praise when it can do no good to the praised. How the great man would smile if he could read what *all* the papers are saying *now!*

"I Had No Idea Before."

There was a time, after he had returned much more hurriedly from the East than others had intended, when he thought quite seriously of standing up in the House of Lords and stating frankly to the world the political difficulties which had been hampering his activities. His friends were anxious that he should take the public into his confidence. But in the end he decided to remain silent. He could have said so much. He would not have remained Secretary of State for War until death silenced his traducers and ended his task but for the fact that he had the nation behind him. Those who liked him least and would gladly have seen him deposed, feared popular indignation. That scare last November came to his enemies with a big shock. They saw how tremendously strong was his hold on the imagination and trust of the people. It was this trust, I repeat, which made Lord Kitchener immovable; sustained him in moments when, if he had permitted personal feelings and his own *amour propre* to weigh against his duty to King and Country, he would have surrendered those seals of office to which he clung with such splendid courage in the nation's interest. Those of us who were ready to make any sacrifice in order to keep him for the nation, and who cheerfully suffered that the schemers might be confounded, have this happy and abiding thought—that we knew his worth. For the politicians he had a fine and a burning contempt. "Did you know what these people were like?" he asked a friend this year. "I had no idea before." But some of us had; we knew of their unspeakable meanness and their passion for plotting. And, loving and trusting the man, we did our little bit to help him to defeat them. And now the tragedy is that a cruel fate has taken him from us.

FIGHT THE FOOD FRAUDS.

By Theodore Thomas.

Time is more than ripe for Ministers to take in hand the control of food prices. Recently official promise was given in the House of Commons to inquire into the scandalous Milk Ramp. When subsequently questions were asked as to what inquiry had been made; Mr. Pretyman, for the Board of Trade, blandly explained that he had "discussed the question with the representatives of the London milk trade," and they had told him so-and-so. A pretty sort of inquiry, indeed! At a time when milk is plentiful, they stuffed him with the story that if farmers cannot obtain "anything like a proportionate price for their milk, they would sell their cows and heifers for slaughter." There is always a surplus of milk above what is needed; it is being to-day delivered at London railway stations at 1s. a gallon; the price charged in the Metropolis—except in North London, where the milkmen seem to have a conscience—is 6d. a quart; and yet Mr. Titus Barham, who looks like being one of Mr. Pretyman's authorities, says that the present price of milk is really a beneficent move on the part of the dairymen to protect the public interest, because if the farmers did not get these high prices they might give up dairy production altogether and there would be a danger of a milk famine in the winter. It is obvious balderdash. It is not the profits of the farmer the milk wholesalers and dealers are anxious about. There will not be, and there never was likely to be, a milk famine in the winter; yet we make the prophecy that when winter comes the milk rampers will find reasons for putting up prices to 7d. and even 8d. a quart. In London the rise in milk from 4d. to 5d. was engineered by a deliberate conspiracy against the public, which we fully exposed at the time; the increase from 5d. to 6d. was made, and is maintained, by the same means. What is wanted to bring down milk prices and food prices generally is proper organisation—not perfunctory official tarradiddle about "inquiry." Bring the farmer and the retailer into close touch, and kill off the parasites.

Does anybody suppose that, if Germany had been in the position of this country to-day, its Government would have allowed the consuming public to be victimised by such prices as are being charged for foodstuffs and general commodities here? Would it have tolerated so long the shameless fleecing of the country by the Coal Rings? Would it have allowed the shipping companies to pile up such monstrous profits out of freight rates while the people were being imposed upon at every turn in pursuit of the necessaries of life? Would it have suffered the outrageous operations of the gamblers of Mincing Lane, who have forced up the price of tea until it bears no fair or reasonable relation whatever to cost or value, while the tea companies weigh in as tea the heavy cartons in which it is packed? Would it allow the American Meat Trust to obtain such a control of the London Meat Market that it is able to plunder the public in the price charged for meat practically to any extent it pleases?

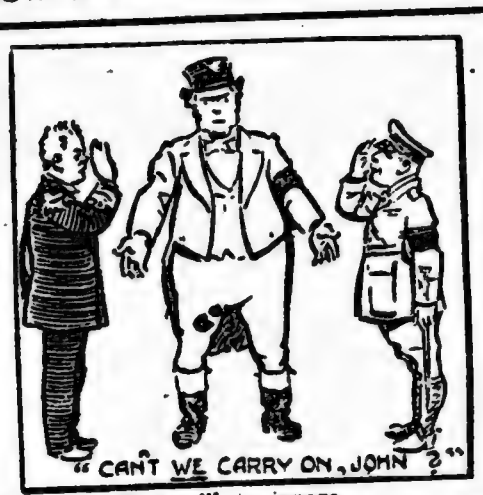
But they are now about to "consider the matter"! Since that announcement, Mr. Runciman has been ordered away for his health, and he has our sympathy in the circumstances. There is, however, no reason why the official inquiries into the food gambles should cease, or even be postponed, on that account. The office boy should be encouraged to do his best.

"JOHN BULL'S" WEEKLY CINEMA.

BULL-DOGGEREL RHYMES, BY THE "BOW-WOW."

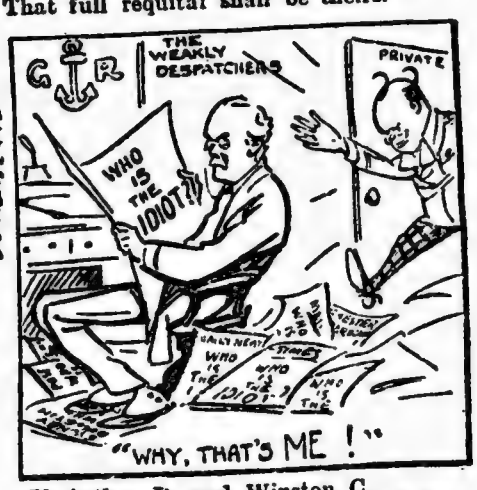
The Boches have, it seems to me,
A queer idea of victory;
For—Is the victor in the fray
The one who quickly runs away?

Britannia weeps her soldier son,
Proud victim of the murderous Hun,
But in her heart-of-hearts she swears
That full requital shall be theirs.

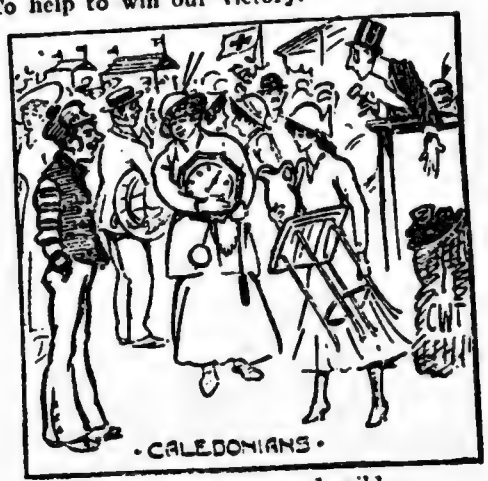


Can we afford still to ignore
The men who proved their worth of yore?
Let those who've done, now summoned be
To help to win our victory.

Unless all alien enemies,
Who live amongst us as they please,
Are safely placed behind barbed wire
'Twill surely rouse the public ire.



If Arthur B. and Winston C.
Each claims to teach the great B.P.,
I think they're both entitled to
An equal share—say, do not you?



On Caledonians stern and wild
The native costermongers smiled:
How fierce a bargain-hunt could be
They were amazed and glad to see.

THE "PEACE" PLAGUE.

MORE PIPERS OF THE POTSDAM TUNE.

Our demand for sterner measures against the various "pacifist" organisations has already been partially conceded, but the treason-mongers trade under numerous aliases, and scarcely a day passes without the activities of some new society, or an old one with a new title, being brought to our notice. Although for the most part, no doubt, the anti-national manifestos which they issue are received with the contempt they deserve, it is as true of pacifist slush as of any other that "where much mud is thrown, some will stick." We therefore take the strongest exception to a recent leaflet bearing the imprint of the Victoria House Printing Co., Ltd., of Tudor Street, and Gough Square, Fleet Street, E.C., and said to be issued by the Rev. Herbert Dunnico, Honorary Secretary of the Peace Negotiations Committee, of 47, New Broad Street, London, E.C. This impudent tract, a brazen echo of the German Press, demands the immediate opening of negotiations with Berlin, on the basis, apparently, of the existing military situation. There is the usual vicious inference that as between the belligerents the guilt of the war is "six of one and half a dozen of the other," peace being hindered only by the want on the part of the Allied statesmen of that moral courage and humane solicitude possessed in superlative degree by the Rev. Herbert Dunnico and his mongrel following. The fact is, of course, that those who demand instant peace are clamouring for a settlement on Germany's terms, and, if this were their sole aim and object, their methods would be admirably devised. What, for instance, can be said of a leaflet issued by the National Labour Press—with which again the name of the Rev. Herbert Dunnico is associated—in which chief prominence is given to a series of extracts from German and Austrian newspapers, and from the debates of the Reichstag, calculated to show that the Central Empires "do not desire war for a day longer"—provided, of course, they attain their ends without further fighting? Are we to understand that there is any section of the British public who would be content that our stupendous sacrifices of blood and treasure should go for nought? Is it possible that there is nothing baser than honest stupidity at the back of a movement which plays thus directly into the enemy's hands, seeking to create in this country a body of opinion favourable to his sinister designs? It is bad enough to have the Post Office used as a means of enemy propaganda through neutral countries, but this scandal is less offensive than that of the widespread distribution of these treacherous pamphlets, penned and printed in this country by men whose British citizenship is an aggravation of their guilt in the eyes of every honest man. Who, by chance, is the Rev. Herbert Dunnico? What services has he ever rendered to the country which shelters him from the rough caresses of his friends, the enemy?—the while he seeks to undermine the resolution of the British people, clamouring for a peace which would spell disaster to the living and dishonour to the dead. And once more we ask, who pays these pipers of the Potsdam tune?

TAKING LABOUR FROM THE LAND.

BUILDING A HOUSE AND KILLING THE CROPS.

It will readily be admitted that these are not times when the purse-proud and the rich—or even the merely speculative—should set themselves to the building of great mansions in the countryside, with the direct result of denuding the land of its labour. In Hampshire, something of the sort is proceeding. A "gentleman" is erecting his palatial pile, and men from the village and from neighbouring farms are attracted by higher wages to the task of hauling material from the station instead of tilling the soil. We hear of fields untouched because the men have gone into the building line, and we think it quite time that the Board of Agriculture put in its word. Men engaged in farm work are counted precious just now, and exemption is often secured for them because their labour is absolutely necessary to the nation. To engage farm workers, old or young, eligible or non-eligible, in setting up a house is a thoughtless and improvident act that should be sternly and officially discouraged.

THE SPOILS OF SORROW.

A TIMELY WARNING TO WAR WIDOWS.

In the uncertain conditions of modern war, the most forlorn hopes are sometimes cherished in regard to the safety of men reported "missing," or even "killed in action"; and in this connection some interest attaches to the methods of Mr. J. R. Crompton, styling himself as "Private Detective," and carrying on business at 17, Clare Road, Halifax. A Sheffield war widow had received official news of her husband's death, and had actually been allotted a pension by the War Office; but she afterwards attended the meetings of a local Spiritualist Society, where it was cruelly suggested that her good man might still be living, and she was urged to advertise for news of him in a Sunday paper. She did so; and was favoured with an eager communication from Mr. Crompton, expressing sympathy with her anxieties, and offering, for a preliminary fee of 5s., to prosecute the needful inquiries. "My terms"—wrote the "detective"—"are 5s. with the application, and £1 when I have traced your husband"—but unless the offer was promptly accepted the fees were to be "double." The widow sent along the five shillings, which she could ill afford, and before long Mr. Crompton announced that he had "definite news," the nature of which may be readily conjectured. "The news I have," he wrote, "is official and contains all details." It doubtless amounted to a bare confirmation of the unhappy tidings already received; but it was Crompton's cue to make a mystery of the matter, and with various hints calculated to fan the poor woman's baseless hopes, he had the brazen impudence to demand for his services the further sovereign, which, fortunately, has not been paid. The discreditable story speaks for itself; but it should be added that Crompton has no right whatever to employ the stationery of the Berlitz School of Languages, at 17, Clare Road, Halifax, a few odd samples of which he seems to have obtained while occupying a furnished room at the same address.

THE ABUSE OF KHAKI.

ANOTHER BLACK MARK AGAINST THE MANCHESTER POLICE.

It is a punishable offence for a civilian to masquerade in the King's uniform, and we see no reason why policemen should be exempted from this wholesome rule, especially where they have no worthier object in view than that of deliberate incitement to wrong-doing. There have been far too many cases of the kind; one of the latest was at Manchester, where the woman proprietor of a public-house at Hulme was summoned for allowing treating on the premises, and her daughter for "aiding and abetting" the offence. At the police-court, Special Constable Balmer described how he visited the hotel dressed up as a soldier, and got into conversation with three women in the bar, who, upon the strength of his khaki disguise, regaled him with beer. Not content with this measure of success, Balmer went one better—or worse—and paid for return drinks for the women. So cunningly did the "Special" play his shabby part that he was accosted by a uniformed policeman, and was actually arrested as an absentee and conveyed to the police-station, where, of course, all was explained. Invited to justify her conduct, one of the women told the Magistrate that Balmer "was pleading poverty, and that was why she treated him. She never thought he would abuse the King's uniform." That the khaki masquerade was, indeed, at the bottom of the whole trouble was evident from the following facts adduced for the defence:—

> The licensee's late husband was for many years a sergeant-major, and the house had been very popular with soldiers. Mrs. Graham had a great liking for them, and took a great interest in them, and had exerted herself a good deal to help the cause of recruiting. In fact, she had induced 20 customers to enlist.

However, for her present offence, Mrs. Graham was fined 40s., thus receiving an invaluable lesson in Manchester police methods, which seem, from all we can gather, to be the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever.

Have you a friend or relative at the Front? If so, do you forward him a copy of "JOHN BULL"?

Don't Be Old-Fashioned. Be Up-to-Date and Use a "J. B." Pen.

THE SPIRIT OF CONQUEST.

SHADE OF KITCHENER: "*That* way, my lad; I am *still* with you!"

THE KITCHENER CRIME - - -

WITH the shock of the Empire's loss still surging in our minds, and the bitterness of a great bereavement fresh upon us, I do not want to write anything which is out of harmony with the nation's thoughts. But I know, from the hundreds of letters lying before me, that in what I am going to say I am stating opinions, expressed in words of burning indignation, which are held throughout the length and breadth of the land. Before I deal with what I hold to be our duty to the dead—and a duty which not only a sorrowing Empire but our mourning Allies will demand of us—I want to acknowledge the countless expressions of thanks I have received for the tribute to Lord Kitchener it was my privilege to have written and published before the news of his death plunged the civilised world in sorrow. Let me explain. So great is the circulation of JOHN BULL that it takes two days and nights to print the issue. So wide is the area of our appeal in the British Isles (quite apart from France, the other fields of war, and the Dominions beyond the Seas), that it is necessary to keep well ahead with production. And so it came about that I had written my defence of the great man, and had warned off the mean and yelping politicians, before I knew that Death had taken him by the hand and led him to the land of the Immortals. Yes, it was a wonderful coincidence. But, then, isn't it all mysteriously wonderful?

Criminal Negligence.

What shall we say of the manner of that tragic end? How can we withhold our anger when we think that—but for the want of care which ordinary prudence would dictate, and but for the criminal indifference of the politicians to the alien danger ever lurking in our midst—the great soldier might to-day be the welcomed guest of the Czar, joining in momentous conferences for a quick and victorious conclusion to this bloody war? I tell the Government, in all solemnity, that the people of this country are indignant at what they regard as the callous neglect of ordinary precautions to safeguard the passage of the *Hampshire*. I warn them, with all the seriousness that I can command, that there is a universal belief that this dark deed, which has robbed the nation of its Man—its Idol—could not have been possible without the aid of the spy or the work of the traitor. It is no use mincing words. Flaming indignation is showing a lurid light everywhere. Something must be done to meet the demands of the national conscience and give real and lasting assurance to the public mind. Why the *Hampshire* was denied a destroyer escort will have to be explained and answered—not in the strangely halting sentences of Mr. Balfour, when seeking to justify the madly astounding conduct of the Admiralty in making public the first official news of the North Sea Victory, but with facts which at least sound real and true. Think of it! The military head of the Empire, the man beloved wherever the English tongue is spoken, and trusted throughout the lands of the Allies, is sent to sea on a vital and deeply important mission without so much as a single destroyer to escort him. He and his staff, and hundreds of gallant officers and men, go to their death without a hand held out to save. Yes, within sight of land, the greatest of our soldiers is engulfed in the merciless waters and there was none to help him. Now, I don't want to say hard things. But I ask the Admiralty to cast its mind back and think of the occasions when other members of the Cabinet have crossed the waters—and I put this question: Were the same precautions taken for Lord Kitchener? And, if not, why not? Who is to blame? On whom rests the awful responsibility of omitting to furnish an escort? What were the reasons? They may be good and sufficient; but the country which has been robbed of its great Man demands to know the truth. One destroyer accompanying the cruiser—one destroyer within call—and the worst might have been averted, and to-day we should have been spared this world-embracing dirge over a great soul needlessly sacrificed.

Official Bungling.

But if someone has blundered once more, and we as a nation and an Empire have had to pay the bitter price of blundering, there is something bigger than a personal fault involved in this Imperial tragedy—there is the muddle and pig-headedness of a policy. Don't tell me—don't try to bamboozle the people—that this hero's death, which has shocked humanity and about which the Hun is spitting the venom of his beastliness, was "an accident." If the cruiser sank from the explosion of a mine, sown by the evil enemy with murderous intent, there would be nothing to do but bow the head in submission to cruel Fate. But this awful tragedy was the penalty we pay for departmental supineness, for Government sloth, for damnable indifference to the danger from the enemy within the gate. Why was it allowed to leak out that Lord Kitchener was going to Russia? And, having leaked out, do you imagine the Germans, unnaturalised as well as naturalised—who are still allowed to overhear conversations, to serve in shops, to do business on 'Change, to pass almost as free men in public places, to mingle with the people against whom their own flesh and blood are using the most devilish instruments of destruction—did not know that the great soldier was going on a journey? Why, he himself told those 200 babblers whom, in his magnanimity, he met before he left for Scotland and his death. Don't you think they spouted forth the secret in their own swelling pride of being "in the know"? Of course they did. And the enemy, lurking in secret in our midst, heard the news—the sneaking, slimy Hun, who pollutes our atmosphere by his presence and defiles our streets by his very footsteps, sent that news flashing to Berlin.

Grasp the Nettle.

How *dare* the Government render it possible for the Hun to plot the destruction, to will the death, of a single one of us? To-day it is the greatest of men, the soldier-statesman; to-morrow it may be—well, any one of them could be better spared than the country's Idol, the man set up as the symbol of our strength and our trust. Will nothing teach these Mandarins wisdom?

Who was Responsible?
Let us Grasp the Nettle.

By THE EDITOR.

Will it need another and another calamity to make them understand that the German here in this land of ours is a menace to our lives and our safety, an insult to the men who have left home to fight these creatures' relations in the trenches at the front? Don't forget, you politicians who hold up your hands in pious horror at the mere suggestion of interning the whole damnable crew, that you may be *made* to do it. If you prefer mob rule to Government rule, be it so. But I warn you that, unless you rid this land of ours of every man who smells of the taint of the Hun, you are laying up trouble for yourselves. That would not worry me—the trouble for yourselves would merely be your deserts. But I don't want to see the people get out of hand. Mob rule is too often rob rule—it means a loss of head and a loss of national prestige. What did Mr. Bonar Law say after the East-enders had taken matters into their own hands in revenge for the *Lusitania* murders?—a crime and a tragedy, be it said, which the escort of a single destroyer might then have spared us. "It is not entirely with regret that I see this evidence of what the feeling of the country is, however deplorable the manifestation of it may be. For it shows that we, as a nation, are now realising that this is not a war between armies, but a war between nations, and every individual, whether civilian or not, has got to throw his weight into the scale." Those were the words spoken a little more than a year ago by one who is now sitting at the right hand of the Prime Minister. But he said something more. He told his now intimate colleagues that the only way to "end these deplorable outbreaks" was to "convince the country that the Government share its sympathies and are determined on their own initiative to do everything *in order to make it certain that we shall run no risk from these enemies in our midst.*"

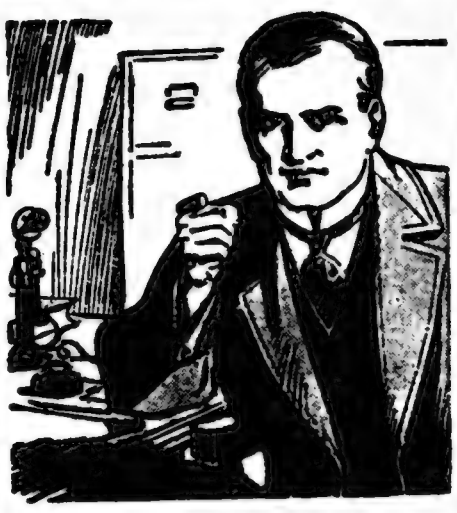
Then—and Now.

When Mr. Bonar Law spoke, the Prime Minister promised that every male enemy of military age should be interned; or, if over military age, sent back to the land of the Hun. When Mr. Asquith made that promise—in May of last year—there were 24,000 hated Huns and 16,000 enemy women at large. Has that promise been kept? Well, the figures—the very latest figures—show that there are still 12,446 males and 10,500 females of the enemy at large in this country of ours. The Government have broken faith with the nation. They have had a year in which to show their *bona fides*. To keep these murderous sneaks and slimy spies in our midst is to court disaster. Is it too much to believe that Lord Kitchener's death is the ghastly price of kid-glove methods? We have too long permitted the Cabinet to palter with this danger. Now, after this awful tragedy, the country demands strong action. If the Government will not take it, the matter will be removed from their hands. And what about the "naturalised" alien? He may be a greater danger, and he carries for us the graver risk, because he sails under our own colours. He may be honest, but let him prove his *bona fides*. We will take no more risks. To quote Mr. Bonar Law again: "At a time like this there can be no neutrals in Great Britain. Everyone that is not for us is against us." There are 8,000 of them in this country. Set up Courts of Inquiry over all the Kingdom, summon the naturalised to appear, investigate their antecedents, examine closely into their conduct both before and during the war, and if they cannot produce the cleanest of clean bills, put them under lock and key. Let those members of the Government who were loud enough in their condemnation of the Cabinet before they joined it, now prove *their* sincerity. Actions speak louder than words. Deal not only with the humble barber but with the great financier; with the man who has wormed his way into Society, who shares the confidence of those in high places. Listen to Mr. Long. This is what *he* said before he joined the Coalition: "I believe the great mass of my fellow countrymen believe with me that you ought to run any risk in interning or shutting up innocent people rather than run the smallest risk of exposing our men *on land or sea* to any additional risk because of the machinations of men who are enemies of this country. I do not blame them, if they get the opportunity, that they would rather help their own country."

A Clean Sweep Wanted.

In the name of the great soldier whom we have sacrificed to our indifference, the victim of criminal negligence, we demand that every alien enemy shall be locked up or cleared out of the country *at once*. We will stand no more nonsense. We will tolerate no more excuses. For months von Bissing, the brother of the butcher of Brussels, was defended by the Government. They refused to take action, and yet in the end they interned this baron eight years naturalised. And what again of the men of enemy origin in Government Departments—in the War Office and the Foreign Office, for instance? They must go. We will take no more risks. "Don't the Government think that in the case of men, whether naturalised or not, who are connected by close family ties to the enemy, special restrictions should be applied?" That is not my question—again I am quoting Mr. Long—and I demand in the name of the country that he and his colleagues act now without fear or favour in accordance with it.

POSTSCRIPT.—Since writing the foregoing article, I have read the official statement—to the effect that it has now "been established" that the "Hampshire" was mined, and, further, that the two destroyers which were originally sent as an escort were "detached" by the Captain of the "Hampshire" owing to the heavy seas. Pending further enlightenment, I can only say that this official announcement is as mystifying as the one originally issued from the Admiralty about the North Sea battle. Notwithstanding the heavy seas, we are told that destroyers were at once sent to the scene of the wreck—and it is inconceivable that, with the danger of floating mines, the Captain of the "Hampshire" would have relieved the destroyers from duty. In any case—as I said in reference to the Jutland engagement—"someone has blundered"!



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We have published a series of beautifully illustrated books giving particulars of the opportunities that now await ambitious men and women in a number of profitable occupations.

If you are anxious to get a better position and increase your earnings we will send you one of these books free, if you will cut out and forward the coupon below at once.

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS, 6, KINGSWAY, W.C.

Please send me, without obligation on my part, your illustrated book describing the opportunities for gaining increased earnings in the occupation which I have marked X

—Munition Work.	—Careers for Men.
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—Shopkeeping.	—Woodworking.
—Advertising.	—Illustrating and Designing.
—Motor Engineering.	—Electric Lighting and Traction.
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NOTE.—If the subject desired is not in the above list write it here

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A SHABBY SHUFFLE.

QUEER METHODS OF A QUAKER FIRM.

It may be the distractions of war, or anxiety for the fate of "Germans, Austrians and Hungarians in Distress," but there is evidently something sadly wrong in the counting-house of Messrs. Rowntree and Co., Ltd., when they charge £5 11s. 2d. for 116 lbs. of "pastilles" at 11¼d. a lb.—whereas the correct figure, as every schoolboy knows, or would know if he tried, is £5 8s. 9d. The difference of 2s. 5d. is a small matter—to Messrs. Rowntree and Co.—and we should not have gone out of our way to call attention to the slip, but for the firm's subsequent treatment of the customer who called their attention to the error. With their "thanks in advance," they thus acknowledged his polite remonstrance :—

> We have pleasure in presenting you with our acknowledgment for the payment . . . made to us, and in regard to the deduction for an assumed overcharge, under our present prices which were advanced some little time ago, the price of the goods required is 11¼d. per lb.—there is, therefore, no deduction, and there is a difference on the transaction of 2s. 4d., which perhaps you will please be kind enough to remit at an early date.

On the face of things, the attitude of the firm was most unfair. It was not a matter of an "assumed overcharge," but of a palpable clerical error on the face of the invoice. Moreover, the price was clearly stated at 11¼d. per lb., with an intimation that this figure would "hold good for remittance by return." By return the remittance was forwarded, and Messrs. Rowntree had then no right to vary their charges.

HADDON'S HOARY HOAX.

A PRETTY PICTURE-POSTCARD PLANT.

Despite our repeated exposures and the casual attentions of the Staffordshire Police, it seems that that notorious rascal, William Haddon, of Tipton, Staffs, has not yet seen the wisdom of abandoning the dishonest mode of business by means of which for some years past he has escaped the necessity of honest toil. With the approach of the last Christmas season, in an effort to engage the confidence of an unsuspecting public, the artful merchant issued a printed warning to "Dishonest Traders," threatening to publish in the *Sub-Postmaster* the names of those who did not return his goods.

Fraudulent in its aim and purport, this announcement contained a germ of literal truth. What Haddon had in fact done—it is his leading line of fraud—was to despatch parcels of picture postcards, which had never been ordered, and then to refuse to take them back, employing all manner of mean devices to extort the price. In one instance, a sub-postmaster was made the victim of a scurrilous "report" by Haddon to his Head Postmaster, and afterwards threatened with legal proceedings, which were "cried off" at the last moment, the plaintiff failing to appear in Court—it is Haddon's incurable habit to baulk the last ditch. We may add that the *Sub-Postmaster*, the official organ of the sub-postmaster class, has declined to accept Haddon's tricky advertisements—whilst, of course, it would never have permitted itself to have been made his tool in the way so impudently suggested.

RACING NOTES.

By "THE SQUIRE."

Racing is at Lingfield this week-end, and commences each day at the very early hour of 1 o'clock. Why not 2, or even 2.30 in these days of long evenings? Entries are numerous and fields will be large. For Friday's Cosmopolitan Cup, WATER BED should be backed, the danger being Aboukir. PARAFFINE LASS F. should win the Wray T.Y.O. Selling Plate and WYNBURY the Village Handicap. On Saturday, SCARPA FLOW looks best for the Weir Courtenay Plate. I expect that BROWNIE will represent Darling in the Suburban Handicap, and that being so, she should win. I think she will be better suited by the mile and a quarter here than she has been over the longer courses on which she has been running. The QUEEN CAMILLA G. ought to take the Godstone T.Y.O. Plate and ROYAL BUCKS the Ford Manor Handicap.

The SPECIAL, containing full notes on the meeting, is now on sale or can be ordered from Messrs. ODHAMS LTD., 93, LONG ACRE, W.C. (Price 6d.). For a two-horse wire for each day of the meeting the charge is 10s., and orders should be addressed to me, c.o. JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, W.C.

£10 REWARD.

WANTED, two Copies of JOHN BULL for June 10th, 1916 bearing on the Covers the Numbers 067,326 and A352,148. Any person possessing either of these copies will be paid £5 upon applying to THE MANAGER, "JOHN BULL," 93, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.

WHAT IS YOUR NUMBER?

EVERY copy of JOHN BULL bears upon its cover a distinctive number, and every week FIFTY of such numbers will be drawn and PUBLISHED IN THE FOLLOWING ISSUE.

To each of the holders of copies of JOHN BULL *of specified date*, bearing ON THE COVER any of such numbers, we will, upon production **within seven days of publication** (a reasonable extension will be allowed to foreign and Colonial claimants) of a sufficient portion of the cover to identify the date and number, pay the sum of ONE GUINEA in return for his using his best endeavour for one week to increase our circulation. Before the money is paid we require a full report of all the work done

The following have sent in correct claims:—

Mr. J. ANDREWS, 106, Wyeby Road, Witton, Birmingham. May 13th. A185,347

M. TEAL, 22, Bushey Grove Road, Watford. May 13th. 842,808.

J. JONES, 134, Sun Street, Shelton, Stoke-on-Trent. May 13th. 086,111.

Mrs. GRICE, 300, Central Park Road, East Ham, E. May 20th. 527,621.

E. F. KNIGHT, "Bell and Crown," Palace Street, Canterbury. May 20th. 839,887.

Lieut. and Quartermaster P. THOMPSON, Headquarters, 2/1 Berks. Regt., Billericay. May 20th. A018,360.

T. MAYFIELD, Byard Teap, Sleaford. May 20th. 058,764.

The following are the fifty numbers for our issue of June 10th:—

065,193	286,610	582,839	873,574	A112,103
194,534	302,984	624,971	899,106	A145,158
106,871	337,216	633,524	920,395	A171,609
138,590	384,387	659,835	946,808	A190,462
164,628	390,571	687,489	952,765	A269,953
180,215	417,354	725,934	981,374	A283,275
213,628	458,163	748,239	A037,967	A308,501
236,537	529,297	770,352	A058,814	A347,714
259,412	537,856	819,616	A074,385	A376,838
271,063	542,003	857,148	A083,422	A425,221

The A prefixed to a drawn number indicates it plus a million.

The Fifty numbers in respect of this week will be announced in our next issue (published June 21st).

THE SOLDIER'S SMOKE.

The NEW BLACK CAT EXTRA LARGE cigarettes are the real thing, and they ARE extra large.

There's more good tobacco in a 4d. packet of BLACK CAT EXTRA LARGE than in any other 10 cigarettes at the same price.

You can get BLACK CAT EXTRA LARGE in the canteen—see that the bright green band is around each packet and the imprint "Extra Large" on every cigarette.

Black Cat

EXTRA LARGE

Mild Virginia Cigarettes.

20 for 8d **10 for 4d** **50 for 1/8**

If you can't get them send a line to Carreras, Ltd., 55, Piccadilly, London, W.

Made by Carreras, Ltd., Arcadia Works, London, E.C. Entirely British. Established in 1788. B17

SUMMER SALE OF REAL WITNEY BLANKETS

FREE DELIGHTFUL LITTLE MINIATURE BLANKETS as PATTERNS of the "Direct from Witney" Blankets of the World-Famous Witney Blanket Co., Ltd., of Witney.

BARGAINS in THROW-OUTS at 25% reduction.

WITNEY BLANKETS are PROTECTED by LAW.

FREE to your home, for you to view and feel, lovely little Miniature Blankets from Witney—world-famous for Blankets for centuries. They are exact samples of the real Witney Blankets at Sale prices.

Blankets will probably be very dear in the Autumn.

Witney is proverbial for the high quality and value of its goods, lowest possible prices prevailing.

This opportunity may never occur again.

These Blankets are superb blanket value a credit to British manufacturers, and give lasting satisfaction.

BLANKET BARGAINS DIRECT FROM WITNEY

Thousands of real Witney Blankets (the World's Best) are to be sold at big reductions in this Sale. Sent by rail and steamer to all parts.

The Witney Blanket Co., Ltd., Witney enable their delightful blankets to be

THE FAMOUS BUTTER CROSS, WITNEY.

This is a few yards from The Witney Blanket Co.'s Warehouses. In former times the women used to bring their butter to sell at the Butter Cross on market days.

VIEWED AND FELT IN YOUR HOME FREE.

LOVELY PATTERNS.

The miniature Blankets sent out as patterns charm everyone who sees them. Every lady utters ejaculations of delight on inspecting the woolly samples with their pretty borders. Besides, they reveal the true "Witney Art," bring an opportunity of UNPRECEDENTED BARGAINS, and give

PROFIT AND PLEASURE TO ALL.

WITNEY BLANKETS ARE PROTECTED BY LAW

It has been decreed by law that only Blankets made at Witney may be sold as "WITNEY BLANKETS." Get the right article direct from Witney.

NATURE'S WARMTH WITNEY WARMTH.

In Witney Blankets there is a surprising softness and fulness. Yet withal there is a delicious lightness, which coincides with Nature' process of light weaving. As a heep is kept remarkably warm so *real* "Witney" Blankets have remarkable warmth-giving properties.

LOW SALE PRICES.

The Witney Blanket Co., Ltd., Witney is proverbial for the high quality and value of its goods, lowest possible prices prevailing.

FILL IN COUPON.

For Patterns and Particulars of

BLANKETS STRAIGHT FROM WITNEY

To the WITNEY BLANKET CO., LTD.

Butter Cross Works, Witney, Oxfordshire

Please send me Miniature Blankets as Patterns of Blankets direct from Witney (which I agree to return within FOUR DAYS, the Witney Blanket Co. paying carriage both ways), together with the low prices offered in the Summer Sale. Also send particulars of your **"New Blankets for Old" Cleaning Offer.**

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THE WITNEY BLANKET Co LTD WITNEY

See "John Bull's" Advertisement Guarantee on page 16.

"If it had not been for parcels . . . sent . . . from this country, they would . . . have starved."

Mr. Tennant, referring in the House of Commons to the condition of British Prisoners in Germany.

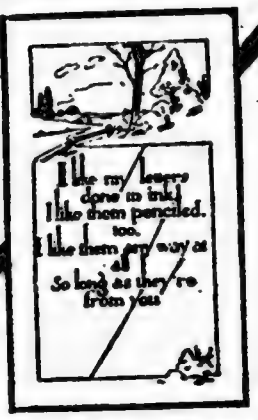
Send HIM this SELFRIDGE PARCEL

Containing:—1 packet each Wholemeal Biscuits, 1 tin each Sausage, Milk, sweetened Cocoa and Herrings in Tomato Sauce; 1 Fruitarian Cake, and ¼ lb. Tea.

5/- Packed and sent POST FREE.

SELFRIDGE'S
PROVISION SECTIONS

Selfridge & Co., Ltd., Oxford St., London, W. 'Phone Gerrard ONE



Ask your Stationer to show you a full selection of these useful and artistic cards. Remember to always keep a few ready to hand.

"No Need to Rack your Brain with Thought, If DAVIS "Message" Cards you've Bought."

DAVIS "MESSAGE" POSTCARDS do your thinking for you. There's a message for every occasion, whether grave or gay. One of the 500 different messages, comprising the series, will never fail to express your thoughts.

DAVIS 1d. "Message" Postcards save you endless time, and the trouble of writing many a letter.

A. M. DAVIS & CO.
QUALITY CARDS
11 & 12, FINSBURY SQUARE, LONDON, E.C.

Feathered Pets Enjoy
SPRATT'S
Bird Seeds & Parrot Food.

SOLD ONLY IN PACKETS.

"JOHN BULL'S" GUARANTEE.

We guarantee the goods advertised by every firm whose announcements appear in JOHN BULL, *i.e.*, we hold ourselves responsible for their being of the quality and standard represented at the time of purchase and the date of payment, either in full or of first instalment; and if any reader can show just cause for dissatisfaction with the purchase of any goods made through any trade advertisement in our columns, we will personally refund the purchase money provided the goods complained of are sent to us within one week from the date of original purchase.

Fight the Germs

that poison and impoverish the blood and cause disease. TUMOURS, ABSCESSES, ULCERS, TUBERCULOSIS, and INTERNAL GROWTHS do not attack suddenly. Their forerunners, DEPRESSION, HEADACHE, BILIOUSNESS, INDIGESTION, SLEEPLESSNESS, warn you that disease has pierced the defences of health, and will enslave the body unless you destroy the disease.

VITADATIO DESTROYS DISEASE

by removing the cause. It cleanses the system, restores health and vitality in the most serious and long-standing diseases when other treatments fail.

Sold by Boots, Cash Chemists, and Taylors Drug Stores or post free at 1s. 3d., 2s. 6d. and 5s. per bottle. Send postcard for

FREE TRIAL BOTTLE

and testimonials to Vitadatio, Ltd. (Dept. J.B.), Park Square, Leeds.

With Vitadatio THE MEDICINE THAT CURES

learn to sketch in two hours

Our Booklet J.B. sent post free will tell you all about it. Write today to Secretary, A.B.C. School of Drawing, 210, Strand, London.

Don't put off till to-morrow the copy you should buy of
To-day 2d.

Edited by HOLBROOK JACKSON.

Why Suits are like Human Beings.

A hard life makes them look older than they really are. They get "run-down," limp, and lose their smartness. We are "suit-doctors"; we know the treatment to prescribe, and we have the most thoroughly equipped "suit-hospital" in the country. We remove "that tired look" by special methods of cleaning and pressing. Dirt, stains and creases vanish under our hands, and we return the suit to you, in a few days, with its lease of life renewed.

And all it costs is 4s. Write for free descriptive Booklet.

Achille Serre Ltd.

Head Office Hackney Wick, London.
East 3710—4 lines.
Branches and Agencies Everywhere.

D77

THE LATE LORD KITCHENER

Portrait in colours in Field-Marshal's uniform on artistic mount 15 x 0¾ inches, ready for framing. The best published. 1/4 post free.

GEORGE PULMAN & SONS, LTD.,
Fine Art Publishers, Thayer St., London, W.

GRAVES
OF SHEFFIELD

Write for Patterns of Suits, Costumes, Blouse-Robes, or Raincoats; or Catalogue of Ladies' & Children's Wear, Footwear, Gramophones and Records, Sheffield Cutlery and Tools, Linen, Cycles Tyres, Workers' Clothing, Furniture, Household Drapery. J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD

FOR EVERYTHING ON EASY TERMS

Like most people you have probably been content to accept any Boot Laces that were offered you.

And so you have experienced the annoyance of having to continually replace your laces. The next time you are buying ask for

PATON'S BOOT & SHOE LACES

These will not only give you long service, but will enhance the appearance of your boots. They keep their shape and their appearance, for the dyes are fast, and the knot will not come untied. You cannot realise what a difference there is between Paton Laces and the ordinary kind until you have tried them.

The Tags cannot come off.

Boot Laces for Ladies' and Gent's wear	2d. & 3d.	per pair
Shoe Laces (flat and tubular)	do. 3d.	"
Leather Laces	do. 4d. & 6d.	"

BRITISH MADE THROUGHOUT.

Your own boot dealer can supply you if you insist upon PATON'S.

H132 **Wm. PATON LTD., Johnstone, Scotland.**

HEARD IN THE TRAIN.

AN ECHO OF "JOHN BULL'S" BIRTHDAY

SMALL BOY: Mum, 'oo's JOHN BULL?

MUM: W'y, a book. 'Aven't chew never seen yer dad readin' it?

SMALL BOY (*pointing*): But look, mum. It says "JOHN BULL'S Birthday." Can a book have a birthday?

MUM: Corse it can. You've 'ad a birthday ev'ry yer since you wos born, 'aven't chew?

SMALL BOY: Are books born, then, mum?

MUM: Corse they are—in a way.

SMALL BOY: Does a book 'ave a dad and a mum like me, then, mum?

MUM: I don't know about 'avin' a mum, but I s'pose the man wot starts it would be called its dad.

SMALL BOY: Is a book a little tiny baby w'en it's born, mum?

MUM (*impatiently*): Oh, I don't know, I'm shore. I s'pose so.

SMALL BOY: Does the doctor bring it?

MUM: Don't be silly.

SMALL BOY: But chew said the doctor brought me w'en I wos born.

MUM: Yes, an' I shell wish 'e 'adn't if you keep on arskin' silly queschuns. Be quiet, there's a goo' boy. Mum's got a 'eadache.

SMALL BOY (*after a thoughtful interval*): Mum, 'ow could a book be born if a doctor didn't bring it?

MUM: Oh, p'r'aps they found it under a gooseb'ry bush. *I* don't know.

SMALL BOY: *Who* found it under a gooseb'ry bush, mum?

MUM (*crossly*): I don't know, I tell yer! I sed "p'r'aps."

SMALL BOY: But if they didn't, mum, an' the doctor never brought it, 'ow could it be born?

MUM: Oh, somebody started it, I s'pose. Arsk yer dad. 'E knows orl about JOHN BULL, I sh'd think, considerin' the time 'e spends readin' it.

SMALL BOY: Could somebody 'ave started me w'en I wos born, if the doctor 'adn't brought me, mum?

MUM: I'll 'start chew w'en I git you 'ome, my boy, if you don't 'old yore tongue.

SMALL BOY (*after a long and troubled silence*): Do books 'ave presents on their birthday, mum?

MUM (*agitatedly*): I never knew sich a child! Will you keep quiet? You don't give nobody a minnit's peace, you bad boy. You're like yer dad, with 'is everlarstin' "JOHN BULL this" an' "JOHN BULL that"!

SMALL BOY (*after a further interval*): Mum——

MUM: Now don't arsk no more queschuns. Mum ain't feelin' well.

SMALL BOY: 'Aven't chew read JOHN BULL, then, mum?

MUM (*angrily*): Read JOHN BULL? Wot d'you mean, you young imp? Think I've got time to waste readin' JOHN BULL or anythink else but the Sunday paper, with you an' yer farther to look arfter?

SMALL BOY: But dad sed it would do you an' a lot more like you a bit o' good to read JOHN BULL.

MUM: 'Ere, come on out of it! An' if you speak another word I'll baste you w'en I git you 'ome!

IN THE BARBER'S CHAIR:

MR. HERBERT SAMUEL, HOME SECRETARY.

Good evenin', sir . . . *Vibro face-massage?* Yes, sir; I'll guarantee to work the machine alongside any alien barber in London, an' beat 'im 'ands down. . . . 'Ow did jew injoy yore little jaunt to the Isle o' Man, sir? . . . Oh, I read about it in the papers. . . . I notice you visited one o' the internment camps in the Isle o' Man. I 'ope it wos to see 'ow many more 'Uns it would 'old, an' not to find out 'ow you could make them wot's there already more comfortable. I s'pose you've fixed on the sites for the further big internment camps. Arfter the terrible death of Lord Kitchener, you mean to round up every enemy alien in the country an' bung 'em be'ind barbed wire? . . . Wot, you *'adn't thort of it?* Git away, sir, I carn't believe thet! Ain't it common knowledge that the lorss of the *'Ampshire* wos the work of German spies, 'oo knew as much about pore Kitchener's movements as wot 'e did 'imself? Ain't London still swarmin' with loose 'Uns? W'y, the place simply stinks with 'em! I tell yer, sir, if you don't 'ave 'em rounded up sharp arfter this larst 'ellish bit o' bizniss, the public'll be gittin' out of 'and, an' there'll be a narsty mess made of certain Germans before the pleece can interfere. It wos known in London on the Thursday that Kitchener wos goin' to Russia. It wos bein' torked about. I 'eard it meself. Well, if I 'eard about it, ain't it more likely that some o' them blarsted German spies wot are still knockin' round 'eard it too? . . . Oh, *all known spies are under arrest*, are they? Very likely. I ain't afraid o' *them*. . . . It's the *unknown* spies wot I'm afraid of. . . . Oh, *you 'ave no official information as there are any?* You don't want no official information, sir, you on'y want to exercise yer commonsense. There are 'Uns at large in London, ain't there? . . . Very well, then. You admit that. Now, shorely you're old enough to know, sir, that w'ere there's a German there's a ruddy spy? It's in their dirty blood, sir! Men or women, I don't care w'ich they are, every German in this country is a bitter enemy at 'eart and a sneak in action. They'll be 'avin Jellicoe or Beatty next, if you ain't careful. They're out to do our best men in, now they know they carn't beat us in fair fightin'. . . . Oh, you needn' turn pale, sir. You can bet yore larst tanner they won't 'urt any member of the Guv'ment, becos the more they muddle the better it is for them. You bet they wouldn't 'urt Balfour or Runciman or Asquith, not at any price. They might 'ave a go at Lloy' George. . . . There you are, sir, I don't think you'll find many black 'eads now. . . . Thank you, sir, good evenin', sir.

HEALTHY WOMEN

must wear "healthy" Corsets, and the "Natural Ease" Corset is the most healthy of all. Every wearer says so. While moulding the figure to the most delicate lines of feminine grace, they vastly improve the health.

The 'Natural Ease' Corset

Style 2.

7/11 pair.

Postage Abroad Extra.

THE CORSET OF HEALTH

Complete with Special Detachable Suspenders.

Stocked in all sizes from 20 to 30. Made in finest quality Drill.

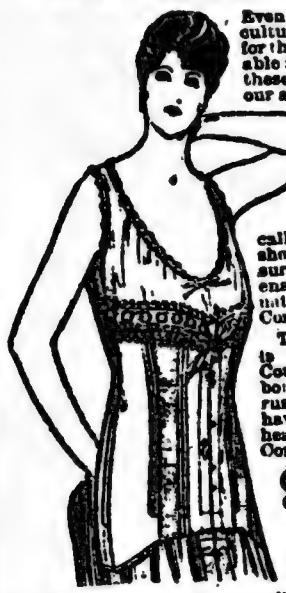
Wear the 'NATURAL EASE' Corset and free yourself from Indigestion, Constipation, and scores of other ailments so distressful to Women.

SPECIAL POINTS OF INTEREST.

No bones or steels to drag, hurt, or break.
No lacing at the back.
Made of strong, durable drill of finest quality, with corded supports and special suspenders, fastened at side but detachable for washing.
It is laced at the sides with elastic cord to expand freely when breathing.
It is fitted with adjustable shoulder straps and body buttons to carry underclothing.
It has a short (9 inch) busk in front which ensures a perfect shape, and is fastened at the top and bottom with non-rusting Hooks and Eyes.
It can be easily washed at home, having nothing to rust or tarnish.

The 'Health Ease' Corset

The Very Latest Production of Hygienic Science.



Even the most ardent health culturists must have some regard for the requirements of a fashionable age, and we are able to meet these without detracting from our aim of "Health first." All difficulties are overcome in the "Health Ease" Corset which is the very acme of fashion with low busts and extra long hips. Perfectly shaped, and, most important of all, scientifically constructed with specially shaped elastic sides which ensure freedom of movement and enable the wearer to breathe naturally. It is certainly the Corset of the future.

The "Health Ease" Corset is made in finest quality Coutille, and the busks and bones are unbreakable and rustless. Hundreds of ladies have testified to the marvellous health-giving properties of this Corset.

9/6 pair.

Complete with Special Suspenders. *Foreign postage extra.*

These Corsets are specially recommended for ladies who enjoy cycling, tennis, dancing, golf, etc., as there is nothing to hurt or break. Singers, Actresses, and Invalids will find wonderful assistance, as they enable them to breathe with perfect freedom. All women, especially housewives and those employed in occupations demanding constant movement, appreciate the "Natural Ease" and "Health Ease" Corsets. They yield freely to every movement of the body, and whilst giving beauty of figure are the most comfortable Corsets ever worn.

SEND FOR YOURS TO-DAY

No goods sent without cash, but money willingly returned if dissatisfied. Cross your Postal Orders and make payable to the

HEALTH SUPPLIES STORES, Room 59, 11-12, Finsbury Square, LONDON, E.C.

MAGNESIA HELPS DYSPEPTICS.

PATENT FOODS AND MEDICINES NO LONGER NECESSARY.

Many dyspeptics have now discontinued the use of expensive patent foods, harmful drugs, medicines and artificial digestants, and, instead, following the advice often given in these columns, they just take half-a-teaspoonful of pure *bisurated* magnesia in a little water after meals, with the result that they not only save money, but enjoy much better health. Those who have once tried *bisurated* magnesia never dread the approach of meal times, because they know that this wonderful antacid and food corrective, which can so readily be obtained from any chemist, will instantly neutralise acidity and prevent all possibility of the food fermenting in the stomach. Try this plan yourself, but mind you get the pure *bisurated* magnesia, as other forms are unsuitable.

IMPORTANT.—Bisurated Magnesia is now obtainable of all chemists at the following prices:—

Powder form, 1s. 9d. and 2s. 9d. per bottle.
Mint-flavoured Tablets, 1s. 1d. and 2s. 1d. per flask. [ADVT.]

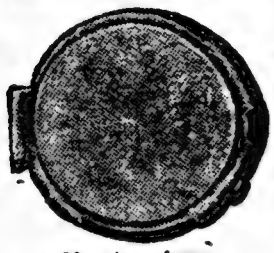
Clasp it under and over like this.

Armour-plate your Wrist Watch.

It's as easy as winding it up—to slip your wrist watch (any size) into the Army Wrist Watch protector, and then your watch is safe under any conditions; dust-tight, scratch-proof, splinter-proof. And if you're a soldier it gives you freedom from the danger of attracting bullets by your wrist watch glass.

The ARMY WRIST WATCH PROTECTOR

Is the only contrivance that clasps *under* as well as over. It is handy—can be opened with a touch, and it closes itself. Protects your watch even without a glass.



Showing Arm Protector Closed.

Made in 6 sizes to fit any wrist watch. Special size for ladies. Size 4 fits the Ingersoll Wrist Watch.

Nickel or Khaki Finish - 1/6
Leather Covered - - 2/6
Rolled Gold - - from 3/6

Also in Solid Silver and Solid Gold.

Sold by Jewellers, Silversmiths, Cutlers, etc.

If unable to obtain from your own Jeweller, send stamp or postal orders to:—

Sales Manager : — **Waltham Buildings, 29, Church Street, Liverpool.**

Delecta CHOCOLATES
Coffee Cream Walnuts
Ask for "DELECTA"—the name describes them.
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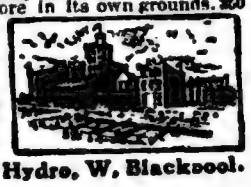
You can spend a Delightful Holiday

At Norbreck Hydro, on the breezy Blackpool Cliffs. The Hydro has half-a-mile of Seashore in its own grounds. 350 Bedrooms. Electric Lifts. 13 Tennis Courts. Bowling. Croquet. Clock Golf. 18-hole Golf Course. Dancing. Cinematograph. Concerts. Whist Drives. Musical Dinner. 3 Billiard Tables Good Bathing. Large Motor Garage. Write for Hydro Journal to—



J. H. Sherrocks, Norbreck Hydro, W. Blackpool.

"THE GREATEST OF THESE—"

IMMEDIATE HELP FOR DEPENDENTS OF OUR SOLDIERS AND SAILORS.

The object of our present Fund is to afford immediate relief to the dependents of soldiers and sailors now fighting for their country, and who, owing to invidious inquiries and red-tape officialism, are stranded for want of money. We do not trouble ourselves about marriage or birth certificates, or clergymen's references, or anything of that kind; but whenever we find the dependent of a soldier or sailor in distress and unable to procure assistance from official funds, we at once do what is in our power—giving anything from 10s. to £5, according to the circumstances of each case. We also, in exceptional instances, make grants to civilians suffering from the effects of the war. Every farthing subscribed goes to some deserving person—we gladly defray all expenses. We give below a synopsis of a few typical cases relieved during the past week.

Broken down in health, a man was sent home from the Army after 14 months' service. As his illness was not contracted at the front, he has no pension under Regulations. He is unfit for work, his wife is critically ill, and a little daughter—one of three—is under the care of the doctor. He had parted with most of his home before he became aware of our fund, which eased the position for him.

Another man, similarly discharged, returned to his family with sevenpence in his pocket and without civilian clothing. He left a comfortable home to enlist; but on his re-entry into civil life, broken down and unable to work, he found his wife and family in dire circumstances. He was advised to write to us, and we did what was possible.

A sailor on a ship hired by the Government was taken ill at Salonica and sent ashore to hospital, his Captain paying him off. Thus his wife was deprived of all financial help. The poor woman was already burdened with troubles, including the severe illness of one of her children. She had pawned everything of value, and was in the last stage of destitution when she wrote to us and obtained assistance.

Sent back to civil life with a shattered ankle, unable to work or walk, an ex-soldier enjoys the magnificent pension of a shilling a day to support himself, his wife and four children. The distress in the home may be imagined, but our fund has improved matters.

A young man who was the only support of his widowed mother was called up on mobilisation, and is now on service. His allotment, together with the Government allowance, amounts to nine shillings a week, barely sufficient to keep the wolf from the door. The poor woman is ill, and her soldier son wrote to us, with the usual result.

A bluejacket was sent ashore and is now a sheer hulk. His constitution is shattered and he is about to undergo an operation. In the meantime, of course, he cannot follow his trade. He hung out a signal of distress and we bore down to his assistance.

The lot of a soldier's wife with a large family was made harder by an Earlsfield Road tradesman, who took over the premises in which she lived. He evicted her from her rooms, and her furniture was left lying in the rain for several days. The unfortunate woman, who had always paid her rent punctually, found it impossible to procure rooms, as she has five children. Her husband obtained leave to come "home," although at that time it was the roadside. He was penniless, but a local removal contractor became a good Samaritan to the extent of shifting and storing the poor fellow's little belongings. The woman and her children are now being temporarily looked after by a kind neighbour, and in the meantime we have helped financially.

Tortured with rheumatism and other severe ailments, a discharged man was sent from hospital to hospital without benefit. He has a wife and six children, and is living on the promise of a pension which was made to him in September last. He is now among those who are grateful to our fund.

A soldier's widow was guilty of a lapse that caused her to enter gaol for some weeks. As a result she forfeits her pension, and with several children is in a distressed condition. She was perfectly frank in placing her case before us, but we did not shake our head and pass by on the other side.

Yet another soldier sent home without money. His family could not get the bare necessaries of life, and a kindly and reliable person informed us that the only food they had consisted of what scraps the generous but poor neighbours could afford. Of course, we replenished the larder.

WAR RELIEF FUND SUBSCRIPTIONS.

WON'T YOU HELP?

M. M. and H. T. A. (Swaziland), £15; "Mother," 1s.; Mrs. C. D., 1s.; T. S., 1s.; "Weekly Collection, C.P.S., Woolwich Arsenal," 6s.; "Emerald," 2s.; R. E. P. (Sunderland), 2s. 6d.; A. McC., 1s.; "An A.S.C. Clerk," 5s.; M. S., 3s.; G. W. F., 2s.; "Bruce," 2s. 6d.; "A Middlesbrough Munition Worker," 5s.; Mr. and Mrs. S. J. B. (2nd subscription), £1; M. W., 2s. 6d.; L. K. L., 2s.; M. E. S., 2s. 6d.; Mrs. C. H. L., 1s.; "s.s. *Mitra*, Third Contribution" (per H. R.), £12; Anon., 6d.; A. R., 6d.; G. F., 2s. 6d.; J. C., 1s. 6d.; L. W., 2s.; "Teachers of S. School," 10s.; A. M. R., 1s.; "Lonely Lass," 6d.; W. A. E., 2s. 6d.; H. A. C., 10s.; L.-Cpl. M., 6d.; Pte. J. M., 1s. 3d.; "A Reader," 4s. 6d.; M. G., 1s.; E. McN., 2s. 6d.; J. T. F. K., £5; W. G. F. (Kobe), 10s.; "Officers and Ship's Company, H.M.S. *Swift*," 8th subscription (per F. L. C.), £1 3s. 3d.; W. E. C. (Rankipore), 19s.; "Unattested," 2s.; H. G., 10s.; "Collected aboard M.F.A. *Hematite*" (per R. J. P.), 10s.; B. S. J., 2s. 6d.; "A Welshwoman from Abertaws," £1; H. L. J., 1s.; M. M., 1s.; "South African Railway Guard," 5s.; "Soldier Daddy's Three Kiddets," 6s.; S. E. P. and V. J. S., 9s. 10d.; R. E., 6d.; "Anxious Peg," 1s.; "Searchlight," 2s.; Mrs. W. H. J., 15s.; "Olive," £1; "Result of Raffle, Pipe Stems," £3; F. B., 1s.; "Violet," 1s.; "Kat's Eye," 1s.; "Ivy Mary," 3s.; "Little Johnnie," 10s.; "Mother," 3s.; "Artificer," 2s. 6d.; E. P., 1s.; F. W. S. S., 10s.; L. H., 5s.; A. W. C., 1s.; E. T., 1s.; C. T., 2s.; "My Boy Jack," 2s.; "A Small Social Evening at Wincobank Avenue," 5s.; E. D., 2s.

COLLECTING BOXES.

LINCOLN.—Mr. H. Marks, Canteen Manager, New Barracks, 4s.

LETCHWORTH.—Mr. W. G. Firmston, "The Skittles Inn," 5s. 9d.

GLAMORGAN.—Mr. F. Shortman, 67, Gelligaled Road, Ystrad, Rhondda, 5s.

BIRMINGHAM.—Mr. T. J. Draper, 24, Park Street, Blackheath, 8s. 7d.; Mr. A. J. Wilson, 56, Newhall Street, 3s. 1d.

DINSDALE STATION, CO. DURHAM.—Mr. Rayson Cockton (Station Master), Supt. Dept., 3s. 6d.

INVERNESS.—Mr. E. M. Edgley, 82, Church Street, 3s. 3d.

IPSWICH.—Mr. C. J. Rattee, "Albion Hotel," 18, Carr Street, 2s. 8d.

RHYL.—Mr. A. J. Parsonage, The Metropole Café, High Street, 3s. 6d.

READING.—Mr. W. G. Hedington, 260, Friar Street, 3s.

LONDON.—Mr. B. Levett, "The Cobden," Berger Road, Homerton, 10s.; Mr. H. J. Fry, "Clayton Arms," Kennington Oval, 3s. 8½d.; Mr. E. E. Gilbert, 176, Upper Richmond Road, Putney, 3s. 1d.; Mr. G. Robinson, 17/21, Tachbrook Street, Pimlico, 8s. 9d.

"Joan simply would not listen!

"Not a word would she hear about anything else until we'd decided where to get the furniture. So I trotted her out and we had a good look round at the shops. Sometimes she liked the furniture and I didn't like the prices. Sometimes I liked the prices and she didn't like the furniture. We nearly had a row about it. But luckily just then we thought of the 'Midland.'

Money buys more at the 'Midland.'

"And we hadn't been inside the Midland Salons more than two minutes before we said, '*This is IT!*' For there we had a bigger choice of far superior furniture—over £100,000 worth of it—at prices a long way below anything else we'd seen. And the 'Midland' Ideal Terms enabled us to get just what we wanted, then and there, and to pay for it out of income, without being charged a penny extra for credit."

Write to-day for the "Midland" Book of Furniture.

It is the finest and most comprehensive Guide to Furnishing ever published. It contains over 1,000 photographs actually taken inside the "Midland" Salons. A postcard brings it free.

Ideal Terms
(Town or Country).

Worth.	Per Month.
£10	£0 6 0
£20	0 11 0
£30	0 17 0
£40	1 5 0
£50	1 8 0
£100	2 5 0
£200	4 10 0
£500	11 5 0

Larger amounts pro rata.

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Customers' fares to town paid on all orders of £20 & over.

10% Discount for Cash.

Country Orders
packed free of charge and forwarded carriage paid. Orders by post carefully and personally dealt with by a special manager.

Beautifully finished Inlaid Mahogany Bedroom Suite in Sheraton style, comprising commodious 4 ft. Wardrobe with large drawer; 3 ft. 6 in. Dressing Chest; 3 ft. 6 in. Washstand with marble top and tiled back; 2 cane-seated Chairs and richly inlaid 4 ft. 6 in. Bedstead. Complete, **25 Guineas**

Free Life, Fire, Zeppelin and Bombardment Insurance.

At the "Midland" customers can obtain free insurance policies whereby all furniture purchased on Ideal Terms becomes the absolute property of the wife, in the event of the death of the purchaser. All furniture thus purchased is also insured against damage by Fire, Zeppelin Bombs, or Hostile Bombardment.

Midland Furnishing Company, Ltd.,

Contractors to H.M. Crown Agents for the Colonies.

15 to 23, Southampton Row, Holborn, W.C

Seven doors from Holborn and Holborn Tube Station.
1 minute from British Museum Tube Station.

Hours—9 till 8. Saturdays—9 till 1.

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Fighting on all Fronts and at Sea.

THEY WANT THEIR FAVOURITE BRANDS OF CIGARETTES

Direct from Factory to Soldier by Post

Order Z 280	WILLS'	"WILD WOODBINE"	Cigarettes	3/-
Order V 280	WILLS'	"GOLD FLAKE"	Cigarettes	5/-
Order U 1000	WILLS'	"WILD WOODBINE"	Cigarettes	8/-
Order T 500	PLAYER'S	"NAVY CUT"	Cigarettes	8/6
Order Q 500	WILLS'	"THREE CASTLES"	Cigarettes	10/6
Order P 1000	WILLS'	"GOLD FLAKE"	Cigarettes	15/-
Order O 1000	PLAYER'S	"NAVY CUT"	Cigarettes	16/-

Cannot accept Orders for Smaller Quantities than above.

ABOVE PRICES INCLUDE POSTAGE WHICH ENSURES QUICK DESPATCH.

Case Lots of 10,000 Cigarettes forwarded through the Military Forwarding Officer, CARRIAGE FREE.

ORDERS MAY BE HANDED TO ANY TOBACCONIST

OR POSTED DIRECT TO

BRITISH-AMERICAN TOBACCO CO., LTD.

(EX. Dept.), Westminster House, No. 7, Millbank, London, S.W.

TOMMY'S TROUBLES.

A WEEKLY TRIBUNE OF THE TRENCHES AND THE CAMP.

The Holy Boys.

Some of the men stationed at Hounslow have to march three miles to their place of worship. We are afraid that much of the benefit of their devotions is lost—as, figuratively speaking, a blue vapour hangs over the men whilst on the tramp, going and returning.

The Forty Thieves.

A Scotsman in Johannesburg is in the habit of sending money and parcels to his boy at the front; but, like a host of others, he has been done by the Post Office pilferers. Once he sent Treasury notes for £2 in a registered envelope. The cover arrived safely, but the money was gone. He also sent on two occasions parcels containing 100 cigarettes and chocolate. The chocolate was delivered but the cigarettes were stolen. The victim writes:—"May the cigarettes disagree with the pilferer, and may he get drunk on my two quid and break his damned neck before he breeds any more of his kind." A pious hope, to which we subscribe.

Banning the Bands.

The London regiments stationed at Hardcott, Salisbury Plain, legitimately grumble concerning an order which has been issued abolishing the bands. It is unfair to deprive the men of marching music while they are on their long treks, and the authorities should remember that great heart is put into drafts leaving for the front when they are "played out" by their comrades, with the wind up of "Auld Lang Syne." We hope the decision will be reconsidered.

A Tip for Somebody.

We notice that when men returning to the front arrive at Liverpool Street Station early on Sunday mornings they find no conveyances to take them to Victoria, and have sometimes to tramp the whole way, carrying their packs and kit and rifles. We understand that a movement was set on foot some months ago by philanthropists to provide 'buses for transport between the various termini, but fear that Liverpool Street has been left out of the scheme.

For Tommy's Sports.

The Tommies at the various fronts continue to send us letters of thanks for the gifts we have sent them in reply to their applications. These things run the gamut from shilling mouth organs to complete cricket outfits. We shall continue to do our best for the boys, but the Fund has been reduced to a very low ebb, and we regret that at the moment we cannot meet all the demands upon it. The public read Tommy's page as keenly as does Tommy himself, and we have no doubt that after this hint Jews' harps, mouth organs, boxing gloves and footballs will arrive at our office to be forwarded to the boys.

Straight but Honest.

We do our best for Tommy in this page, and can do no more. We are glad to have the assurance of one of General rank that as soon as JOHN BULL is published a copy is purchased for every department of the War Office. We are also pleased to learn from the same high quarter that "JOHN BULL talks straight, but plays the game."

Those Pensions.

We were glad to note that a powerful speaker followed JOHN BULL'S lead in dealing with the authorities at the Soldiers' and Sailors' Help Society's meeting the other day. But why did he saddle the Pay Department with the shortcomings of the Chelsea Commissioners? The A.P.D. has no more to do with pensions than has the man in the moon.

A Nod and a Wink.

A member of the staff has to go to Belton Park Camp from time to time to look into matters, as this place has a particularly bad record. For about a fortnight the men of the Machine Gun School have been on short rations, although within easy reach of London. They naturally grumbled, but were told by the sergeant of the dining hall that rations had been cut down by the Government to the extent of one-fourth. But when it became known on one occasion that the Captain was coming around for complaints, the men were given bigger dinners. Thus, there was food for Tommy and food for thought. Why does not the Orderly Officer each day ask for complaints, as is the usual custom in the Service?

Poor Hackney Men!

We know that it is the rule, probably inspired by the Treasury Department, that men promoted or appointed to non-commissioned rank on the field for meritorious conduct get their stripes only temporarily. About fifty men of the Hackney Battalion were thus raised to non-commissioned rank, and have been sent home suffering from wounds. They have been attached to the 3rd Reserve Battalion for duty until they are fit enough to return to the front. On their arrival in this country they were allowed to retain their rank, but now they have been reduced, being informed that their pay as corporals and sergeants was given in error. To make matters worse, they are asked to refund the extra money, and one man has been placed £30 in debt, owing to the blunder of some ass who possibly was taken from behind a hardware counter to become an officer, and who has not yet learned the A B C of his trade so far as Tommy's £ s. d. is concerned.

The Pity of It!

Mr. Tennant is a civilian. The late Lord Kitchener was a professional soldier. For months we have hammered at grievances concerning the "common" soldiers, and the officers of Kitchener's own practical school unfairly dismissed on the secret reports of commanders who should still be behind *lingerie* counters. The pity of it is that the Field Marshal who is now gone had promised to look into the whole matter for us, and we are afraid that we shall have to hoe the entire row again. We have done our best, but a torpedo and death have for the time being defeated us. However, our efforts will not slacken, as if the Members of Parliament who are now "resting" like mummers do not do their duty in the Talking Shop by our fighting men, we shall take steps that will thoroughly arouse the nation.

SHŌSA

Japanese Major.

"Western civilisation has brought an enlightened Japan. The greatness of England is reflected by the goods she supplies, and in 'Cavander's Army Club Cigarettes' she sends a cigarette that appeals to us as they possess an individuality that is quite distinctive. There's a softness and flavour that particularly suits me because, as an Officer, I don't want to be worried with a thick throat when giving commands. Possibly that is why they are so popular with the English Officers."

CAVANDER'S

"ARMY CLUB"

CIGARETTES

20 for 9d.

50 for 1/10½

On sale at A. Baker and Co.'s, Bewlay's, Finlay's, Selfridge's Stores, A. W. Gamage, and all other high-class Tobacconists.

Cavander's, 261 High Street, Glasgow.

THE BEST SUMMER DRINK

ALLSOPP'S

"John Bull's" Letter Bag.

[The EDITOR replies to, and has a chat with, some of his numerous correspondents.]

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Will readers, when forwarding cuttings from newspapers, take care that in each case a sufficient portion is sent to identify the name of the paper and the date of issue?

CORRESPONDENTS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SEND ORIGINAL CERTIFICATES, TESTIMONIALS, ETC., as, though every effort is made for their safe custody, they are liable to be mislaid. Copies only of such documents should be forwarded in the first instance.

LETTERS must be addressed to the Editor or the Publishers, according to whether they relate to Editorial or Publishing matters. FINANCIAL, INSURANCE, LEGAL and SPORTING inquiries should be addressed to the Financial, Insurance, Legal or Sporting Editor, and, except in the case of the last-named, must each be accompanied by a postal order for a shilling. All communications should be directed to 93, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.

C. W. S. (Folkestone) AND OTHERS.—So you were disappointed not to find our name in the list of Birthday Honours. Did you expect to see us made a peer—retaining our own surname, but pronouncing it on the Cholmondeley principle?

J. C. B. (Hong Kong).—It has been frequently stated in these columns that, neither directly nor indirectly, does the Editor ever accept any payment in connection with recruiting meetings. Where he delivers a war lecture in the ordinary way, a percentage of the receipts is handed him, out of which he usually makes a donation to War Charities.

MISS T. A. (London, S.W.).—We do *not* believe Mr. Asquith visited all the Sinn Feiners in prison and expressed his sorrow for them.

T. A. T. F. (Chelmsford).—"Let's now have conscription of capital and thus equal justice all round." Hush! You'll shock the millionaires.

"AMOR" (Cheetham) suggests that after the war a court martial be held over "all the members of the *late* Government by Lord Kitchener and Horatio Bottomley." He evidently wants 'em hanged. Besides, it is already too late!

A. L. (Bristol).—All tradesmen are under obligation to obey the lighting rules. Instinct now guides people to shops where every sovereign buys at least ten shillings worth of goods.

C. M. (Balham) says "it's funny how we don't comment on the filthy Belgians round Walham Green, where they take the biscuit." If they *are* filthy they had much better take their hook—or a bath.

R. O'C. (Dublin) "begs to remind" us that the Sinn Feiners fought a brave fight and were not afraid to die. True—but they should die *for* the Empire.

J. M. (Tooting).—"Germhuny as a Kingdom was born under the treaty of Verdun in 843; will she die at Verdun in——?" We shall see what we shall see.

"BULLITE" (Scunthorpe).—"Be it known to you, O shopkeeper, neither I nor my son is going to fight for you. Do your own fighting or lose your shop." Now he knows what's what.

"CONSTANT READER" (Halford Square).—P.O. Savings Bank depositors were for years advised to invest their money in Consols and have suffered grievous loss by so doing. You are absolutely correct in contending that Premium Bonds would be far safer, with capital intact, fair interest, and a chance of more.

"JUSTICE TO THE WAR."—We cannot say what legislators and ministers profit by holding shipping shares. But neither that matter, nor questions of freightage, should move you to deter your sons from doing their duty.

M. C. (L——?).—"If ever I meet Mr. Theodore Thomas . . . the bells of Heaven shall ring." We'll let him know.

"MADAME" (London).—Weighing-in heavy packing with tea, sugar, and such things is a common or garden swindle, legally sanctified as the custom of the trade.

"OLD READER" (Manchester).—Sorry you have given up your support of the Business idea because "business men are simply bleeding the country white." But a Business Government wouldn't let 'em do it.

"SERGEANT" (Westminster).—Don't be jealous and angry because we have praised the Anzacs. Surely we have never stinted praise of "the boys of the bulldog breed" anywhere.

"NO FOOL" (Newport).—No doubt, spirits bought at the grocer's did sometimes go down in the bill as tea. But the game is now too risky.

E. F. (Penge).—If it be true that "teddy bears dressed as wounded soldiers" are on sale "in almost every big store," the toy is in abominably bad taste.

"NOBODY" (London).—We should not like to assert that the accident to Mr. Tennant's son proves "the rottenness of the machines in which our men risk their lives."

A. C. (Liverpool).—It is a great shame if trade unionists at Cammel Lairds will not work with you because you are a Jew. But are you quite sure there is no other reason?

H. H. (B.E.F.).—The *Daily Mirror* does *not* belong to the Amalgamated Press, but is a separate enterprise under the control of Lord Rothermere.

"INQUISITIVE" (Swanley).—The only explanation we can give of the Welsh Insurance Commissioners stamping cards issued in Monmouth, "Wales," is that geography is not one of their special studies.

"POSTMAN" (Nottingham).—Having "a son at the Front" has nothing to do with it. Everybody ought to obey the lighting regulations.

"TRIP" (Rotherham).—"There is a crying for wine in the streets; all joy is darkened; the mirth of the land is gone." Isaiah xxiv., 11.

W. J. C. (Waterloo).—The £2,000,000 White Star Company's profit was made by patriotic effort, good sir.

W. H. A. (Dullatur).—As you remark, "the tone of the *Spectator* has got down sadly." It is only fair to say, however, that Addison is dead.

G. H. (Erdington).—You are doubtless correct in the assumption that "no conscription for Ireland" is greatly to the advantage of Irish manufacturers in competition with manufacturers in Britain.

"WINTHORPE."—The fact that there are good patriots at Winthorpe, notably those who assisted to realise £309 for a War Fund bullock at Newark, does not excuse the meanness of others who offer 8s. a week for caretakers at the school. We do not think our criticisms "unjust."

"LANCASTER ROSE" (Burnley).—We agree that "big pots haven't all the brains." Neither have little pots, though they sometimes seem inclined to think so.

"A DEVONIAN" (New York) says that the reason he refuses work on his ship to West Indians is not because of their colour, but because they are indolent, insolent and dirty. So they must become brisk, civil, and clean, and then all will be gay.

"DISGUSTED" (London) asks when we are going to start our Business Government. As soon as ever the country is ready for business.

"FULHAM."—Not disposed to criticise Our Dumb Friends' League with severity. Believe they often help soldiers' dogs, paying licences and so on, so will not begrudge them a bazaar for cats.

R. V. (Dunfermline).—You must have been living a very secluded life the last eighteen months if you do not know the term Anzac is derived from "Australian (and) New Zealand Army Corps."

MISS G. (Clacton).—But how can we help people who do not pay their rent when apparently able to do so? Even landlords must eat, you know.

MISS E. R. (Hampstead).—We agree that the circumstances regarding the person you name are suspicious, but are afraid that it is quite impossible to ascertain the nationality of the man, in view of the extraordinary refusal of the police authorities to permit inspection of the Register of Aliens, the only practicable manner of discovering the nationality of private individuals. This is one of the matters which a Business Government would arrange differently.

J. A. A. (Balham).—"One of the mail bags saved from the *Sussex* contained the weekly copy of 'J.B.' sent from your office to Colombo, hence delighted receipt of same." Delighted at the delight.

J. H. H. (Strawberry Hill).—The "biscuit" awarded to the Independent Order of Oddfellows was really due to the National Health Insurance Commission, who worded the phrase that earned it. If not consumed, will you kindly forward the dainty on? We cannot spare two, these days.

A. M. H. (Newcastle).—Your suggestion that our airmen should scatter firebrands in the Germhun wheatfields is hereby notified to the authorities.

W. C. (Durham) says Alnwick is the capital of Northumberland. Then all the geography books we have read lie like Potsdam.

A. R. B. (Dorset) says the Leytonstone reader who wants a wife can have his.

L. W. (Acton, W.).—It is true that the Barrow Tribunal have granted a local theatre manager exemption until August 1st. The theatre manager thinks they acted well.

J. W. (Macclesfield).—The closing date of our great £1,000 birthday "Bullets" offer has been extended to June 22nd, in order to allow everybody ample time to compete. Further coupons are published in this week's issue.

E. R. (Kinderton).—"Regular Reader," and yet ask us whether we know anything of such a firm as the liar, humbug, and impostor "Elmer E. Knowles"! Ever fall asleep while reading?

S. G. S. (Barnstaple). — "Expenses £186 5s. 1d." in balance sheet of Barnstaple War Supply Depot is obscure, but apparently it means outlay on supplies.

"ELLA" (Blackheath).—The Park Lane people who wanted three singers for an evening entertainment and offered £2 10s. for the lot were probably rich but thrifty.

E. W. J. R. (Newport, Mon.).—You ought not to have been deceived by so old a trick. We can't understand why people unable to pay cash want gold rings at all.

"A DOMESTIC" (London).—If the "Bow-wow" offended you, we are sorry. We have *strafed* him.

J. S. N. (Fife).—When you send your full name and address, we shall be pleased to answer your question.

"WEE YIN" (Glasgow).—Without any badge or pledge we can all resolve "never to have any truck with the Germhun."

"TOMMY JOHNSON'S LAW" (Bridlington).—Accept your assurance that Dr. Field was present at the operation. We have given both sides of the matter, and have no space for further discussion.

A. C. B. M. (Manningtree).—Thanks for interesting cutting from the *Clacton News*. Anything which advertises our journal is welcome.

F. H. (Maidstone).—The Rev. Forbes Phillips, who contributes to this journal, offered his services for the front when war was declared. He has been under fire, on land and sea, on several occasions.

"DAVID" (Dorset).—"Oh, Tommy dear, I send good cheer, You're squatten in the trenches, While I be here adrinken beer An spearken wi' the weneches." As you've done your bit, you can have your fun.

H. B. B. (Hampton Wick).—Cannot say whether or not 1s. 5d. an hour for munitions work is adequate in individual cases.

MRS. P. (Burnley) informs us that the enamel has come off a 1s. 6d. pan, "which two years ago you could get for 1s." As the poet has it, "A sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things."

"JAMES" (Hackney).—As a liar, the Germhun is matchless.

"GLADYS" (Woolwich).—It is not that the girl clerks are paid too much, but that the boy writers are paid too little.

F. S. D. (East Greenwich).—We dare say Queen Anne farthings are worth at least four a penny.

"A GIRL OF SIXTEEN" (St. Heliers).—And a very nice girl, too, to write as you do.

A. E. (Ramsgate) writes: "I appeal to you as a mother." But, madam, unfortunately we are not a mother. Write to *Everywoman's*.

"JUSTITIA" (London).—Ladies are privileged to have the last word—also the first.

"OLD POLICEMAN."—Police superintendents should certainly not make a practice of visiting German widows late at night, except strictly on business.

H. J. E. (Landport).—A poor woman, a cleaner in the hospital, picked up and returned to its owner a purse containing £10 in cash and notes. All she got was "Thank you." She should call again and ask the lady whether she has not forgotten something.

T. S. (Colinton).—If you follow the printed advice of J. Symes, of 42, Leamore Street, Hammersmith, W., and "investigate all things and select only that which is good," you will have nothing to do with that gentleman's "picture postcard mailing plan," which he guarantees to bring you in "£10 to £20 a month."

C. W. P. (Yarmouth).—Your local editor who printed the advertisement "Wanted a day girl" under the heading "Divine Services for Sunday" should explain.

"CONSTANT READER."—We should not advise any further investment at present in the Company you mention.

"REGULAR READER."—We have forwarded your 8s. to the wife of the Monmouthshire miner. Many thanks.

S. W. (Brighton).—"If a hen and a half lay an egg and a half in a day and a half——" We don't believe half a hen ever laid anything; not even the odds.

W. G. C. (E. Croydon), referring us to Moses, says that 120 years is "the time we are entitled to live to." We will make a note of it.

"LANCE CPL." (Liverpool).—Parodies on the Scriptures are not to our taste.

"THE MOKE" (London).—Granting that you go on improving as a poet, you ought presently to be able to whitewash a wall.

(A number of replies are unavoidably held over.)

SAMPLE FREE

COW & GATE Pure English MILK FOOD IN POWDER FORM.

"BABIES LOVE IT."

Recommended by the Medical Profession.

Never was the welfare of child-life of such importance as now!

THE EMPIRE'S SOUND FOUNDATION—HEALTHY BABIES.—Use the "Cow and Gate" Milk Food in powder form, and ensure that Britannia's Reserve Battalions shall be cheery, healthy, vigorous successors to our Heroes of to-day. Initiate, promote, and maintain, the health and vigour of YOUR Baby by using the famous "Cow and Gate" Milk Food.

Purity, ease of digestion, and highest nutritive value, make this Food THE PERFECT SUBSTITUTE FOR MOTHER'S MILK.

SAVES THE LIVES OF DELICATE INFANTS.

Makes them strong and vigorous. Eminently safe to take the place of, or supplement, breast feeding. If taken by the mother herself, invaluable to increase and maintain the maternal supply

Recommended by the Medical Profession.

If YOUR Baby is not thriving procure a tin of this Safe Food To-Day.

A BOON TO MOTHERS.

Blue label (for infants from birth to 6 months), 10'd., 1/8, 4/9.
Pink label (for infants from 6 months), 1/-, 1/11 & 7.
Sold by all Good Chemists and Stores.

FREE TESTING SAMPLE on receipt of two penny stamps can be obtained of the *Sole Manufacturers*, THE WEST SURREY CENTRAL DAIRY Co., Ltd. (Dept. 12), Guildford. Surrey. B.D. & Co

Send Him 32 Cups of Comfort

Send him a "Hall-Mark" Pocket Case—only 4 in. square by ¾ in. deep—containing seven days' liberal supply of 5 kinds of easily prepared condensed drinks. British Made—Guaranteed pure, wholesome and sustaining

For the man on Active Service or in training

—a boon to every traveller. In a few minutes and without trouble he can enjoy a steaming hot cup of tea, coffee cocoa or beef tea or a cooling draught of lemonade. Once tried, HALL-MARK Condensed Drinks become more welcome even than tobacco. As emergency rations, every soldier's and sailor's kit should include a HALL-MARK Pocket Case.

Note to Munition Workers.

Always carry HALL-MARK Condensed Drinks with you. Far better and far more appetising and sustaining than anything "warmed up."

For Home Use.

When you need a quickly prepared food this HALL-MARK box is "just the thing." Send for one to-day.

This "HALL-MARK" POCKET CASE, containing 6 self-sealing tubes, provides no less than 32 delicious, sustaining and refreshing drinks, easily prepared in three minutes or less.
Sold by most Grocers and all the leading stores, 1/9

or POSTED DIRECT (any address—home or abroad) 2/-

IF UNABLE TO OBTAIN LOCALLY SEND ORDER COUPON BELOW TO

ALSO MILK & SUGAR

HALL-MARK FOOD CO., 11, DENMARK STREET, CHARING CROSS ROAD, LONDON, W.C.

To Hall-Mark Food Co.
11, Denmark Street,
London, W.C.

I enclose P.O. value ..... for which send to address opposite..... Pocket Cases of "Hall-Mark" Food Comforts at 2s. each, post free.

Use this Coupon or Send Letter.

Name.....
Full Address .....
.....

Your Last Chance!

FIRST PRIZE £1,000

2ND Prize £250

5 PRIZES OF £10	10 PRIZES OF £2 10/-	100 PRIZES OF £1	1,000 PRIZES OF 2/6	5,000 SPECIAL 'TARGET' PRIZES.	4,000 OTHER HANDSOME PRIZES

☛ LAST WEEK OF OUR RECORD OFFER!

Closing Date, Thursday, June 22nd.

Example.....

Bullet.....

Example.....

Bullet.....

(193) P.O. No.....

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.

Signed.....

Address.....

.....

If one coupon is used P.O. for 6d. must be sent.

ENVELOPES SHOULD BE MARKED "BULLETS" No. 193. "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.

Closing Date, Thursday, June 22nd

Example.....

Bullet.....

Example.....

Bullet.....

(193) P.O. No.....

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.

Signed.....

Address.....

.....

If two Coupons are used P.O. for 1s. must be sent.

Closing Date, Thursday, June 22nd.

Example.....

Bullet.....

Example.....

Bullet.....

(193) P.O. No.....

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below

Signed.....

Address.....

.....

If three coupons are used P.O. for 1s. 6d. must be sent.

BULLETS RULES 1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges, in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness, and originality. The right to divide a prize or prizes among two or more competitors is reserved.

2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.

3. All four coupons may be used, but each coupon must be accompanied by a postal order for 6d. made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed ____ and Co.

Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Competitors sending more than one coupon may enclose one postal order for the full amount covering the number of their coupons. Coupons must not be defaced in any manner.

4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned to their respective senders.

5. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

6. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

This Week's List of Examples for "Bullets" Competition No. 193.

KING GEORGE
JOHN BULL'S BIRTHDAY
BRITISH SOLDIERS
BEFORE THE TRIBUNAL
DOING TIME
WHISPERS OF LOVE
THE SLACKERS
THE KAISER'S WEAKNESS
TEETOTAL BEER
BABY IN ARMS
GERMAN FOKKERS
MIXED BATHING
SHOCKING
BEAUTY CHORUS
AFTER THE WAR
NURSING TOMMY
IN THE BARBER'S CHAIR
BOARDING-HOUSE CAT
SEASIDE DONKEY
FOOD FOR GOSSIP
MY MISTAKE
MISSUS AND MASTER
CREATES SUSPICION
A PRETTY FLAPPER
FAT POLICEMAN
A JOLLY NUISANCE
FANCY WORK
AMATEUR GARDENER
A HOT TIME
THE GIRLS
THE SOBER TRUTH
BEFORE MARRIAGE
BULLETS
SLIM YOUNG MAID
MOTHER'S HELP
NEVER TROUBLED ADAM
FATHER'S HOLIDAY
ASKING FOR PEACE
GERMANY WANTS
LORD KITCHENER

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS."

First choose any of the forty examples given above. Then give **TWO, THREE** or **FOUR** words having some bearing on the example chosen. Any **ONE** of the words selected must begin with **ANY** letter in the example chosen. The other words selected can begin with any letter in the alphabet.

These examples will guide you—

Example:—
THE SOBER TRUTH.
Bullet:—
REALISED AFTER NIGHT OUT.

Example:—
FANCY WORK.
Bullet:—
NOT AFTER HOLIDAYS.

Competitors may sent in two BULLETS on one coupon for sixpence. If more coupons are used, an entry fee at the rate of 6d. for each coupon must be sent.

Result of this Competition will be found in our issue dated July 8th.

This week's "Bullets" Coupons will also be found in "EVERYWOMAN'S," dated June 17th.

Ten Thousand Prizes!

3rd Prize £100

£1,000

FIRST PRIZE

RESULT OF 191st BULLETS COMPETITION.

FIRST PRIZE OF £250:—

Mr. ARTHUR PINNEY, 14, Markham Street, York.
Example:—RUNNING AWAY.
Bullet:—NOT "BECOMING" A SOLDIER.

SECOND PRIZE OF £50:—

Mrs. J. HARDY, 32, Grel s Road, Tue Brook, Liverpool.
Example:—GERMANY'S FOOD SUPPLY.
Bullet:—MUCH "RUBBISH" IS "RETAILED."

THIRD PRIZE OF £25:—

Mr. E. A. LITTLE, 84, Bedale Rd., Hackney Downs, London, N.E.
Example:—HOUR OF NEED.
Bullet:—KEEP "WATCH" FOR.

FIVE PRIZES OF £5 EACH:—

Mr. J. CUTHBERTSON, P.O. 446, Scotswood Rd., N.-on-T.: THE IRISH QUESTION—"BLOWS" OVER, WE HOPE.
Mr. C. J. WEST, 226, Burdett Road, Limehouse, London: GERMANY'S FOOD SUPPLY—NOT THROUGH ENGLISH "CHANNEL."
Mr. R. J. STEPHENS, 53, Villette Road, Sunderland: GERMANY'S FOOD SUPPLY—MAKING GERMANS THINK "FURIOUSLY."
Mr. G. H. WAKEFIELD, 16, Hambleton Terrace, York: WHAT GERMANY SEEKS—WE'RE "COMPELLED" TO PREVENT.
Mr. B. WILDING, 15, Wiend, Wigan: ONCE AND FOR ALL—RESTAURANT TEAPOT FILLED EVIDENTLY.
(Sent in on a Free "Target" Prize Coupon.)

TEN PRIZES OF £1 EACH:—

Mr. CHAS. H. WHITE, Post Office House, Hunstanton: FEELING SICK—SOLD SHIP BEFORE WAR.
Mr. F. C. BAILEY, 36, Castle St., The Ave., Southampton: ANOTHER FLAG DAY—AND FATHER WILL ENLIST.
Mr. JOHN ROBERTS, 1, Frederick Place, Clifton, Bristol: RISKY PROCEEDING—PROPHESYING IN THIS WAR.
Mr. WM. C. LANE, Park Road, Fordingbridge: WHAT GERMANY SEEKS—WARFARE, NOT FAIR WAR.
Mr. R. HAKE, 114, Humber Avenue, Coventry: EXPECTING THE PUSH—COMMERCIAL TRAVELLER—LACKING IT.
Mr. J. HERBERT, Wilson's Brewery, Ltd., Newton Heath: RISKY PROCEEDING—"FLYING" IN A PASSION.
Mr. P. G. EDWARDS, 3, Brand Street, Ludlow: EXPECTING THE PUSH—WARDER FINDING BRAIN ASYLUM. (On *Free Target* Coupon.)
Mr. F. W. HODGSON, 108, Evelyn St., Deptford Pk., S.E.: RISKY PROCEEDING—"GETTING FAT" IN BERLIN.
Mr. H. WILLIAMS, 25, North St., Penydarren, S. Wales: THE IRISH QUESTION—REVEALED "KNIGHT" AS "PAWN."
Mr. N. HALL, 45, Foundry Street, Barrow-in-Furness: ONCE AND FOR ALL—AMERICA'S LAST WORD ALWAYS.

Closing Date, Thursday, June 22nd.

Example _____

Bullet _____

Example _____

Bullet _____

(193) P.O. No. _____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on the opposite page

Signed _____

Address _____

_____

If four coupons are used P.O. for 2s must be sent.

COMPLETE LIST OF ALL CASH AND OTHER PRIZE-WINNERS CAN BE SEEN AT THE OFFICES OF "JOHN BULL."

"JOHN BULL'S" GREAT FREE WAR INSURANCE

We are giving, *absolutely free of charge, an insurance against* ZEPPELIN OR OTHER AIR RAIDS, BOMBARDMENT, INVASION, RAID, RIOT, CIVIL COMMOTION, CIVIL WAR, REVOLUTION, REBELLION, BLOCKADE—indeed, every war risk to Life, Limb and Home. Anyone can be insured, *irrespective of sex or age*, but a separate coupon must be filled in for each person. Remember, the Ordinary fire and accident Policies afford no protection whatever against war risks.

Our insurance is simple and comprehensive, and does not bother about any "legal representative" or "next-of-kin." We shall pay the amount of the insurance to the owner of the coupon or to the person nominated thereon, and to no one else. Be sure to fill in a coupon for every member of your family. *The Newsagent's Order Form will keep you permanently insured during such period as this Insurance Scheme and your order to the Newsagent remain in force.* Readers may, however, obtain all the advantages by sending in every week the Registration Coupon—with clause (*a*) struck out, which will be available for seven days after its receipt by us.

WHAT WE WILL PAY.

In respect of any person (*man, woman or child*) who, whilst on land and in the British Isles, is killed or dies within 30 days of receiving injury from any of the events named, we will, subject to the fulfilment of the few simple conditions set out below, pay the sum of	£200
Should he, or she, in the course of any of these happenings, become permanently totally disabled ...	£100
Should his, or her, home become directly damaged (whether it be private residence or residence in connection with a shop) or should the contents be damaged, not exceeding	£350
Loss of one quarter's rent during rebuilding of damaged home, up to	£25
Medical fees for injuries not proving fatal, but incapacitating the injured person from following his or her usual employment for more than three days, up to	£10

Claims must be received by us within forty-eight hours of the injury, and must be supported by such evidence as may be required by the Editor, whose decision shall be final upon all questions. Not more than one claim which must be confined to one of the benefits, can be entertained in respect of any one person or home.

We reserve to ourselves the right to limit our total payments to £10,000, and to pay not more than £5,000 in respect of claims from any one raid. Payment will be made subject to the rights which the claimant may have or acquire against any other newspaper or insurance body, we paying a proportionate amount of the total admitted claim.

Our Insurance Scheme applies exclusively to British-born subjects, and those of friendly Powers in the British Isles—and not to *Germans, Hungarians, Austrians, Turks, or Bulgarians, even though "naturalised," nor to members of His Majesty's Forces on Active Service, although the home of the latter, situate outside military or naval premises, may be insured.*

TO AVOID FILLING UP REGISTRATION FORM WEEKLY

You may, if you are a *regular* and *continuous* reader of JOHN BULL—or decide to become one—sign this coupon and hand it to your newsagent, and you will be insured for all the benefits of the Scheme as published in each issue, so long as this order and the scheme remain in force.

TO BE RETAINED BY NEWSAGENT.

To ..... *Newsagent.*

.....

Please deliver JOHN BULL to me regularly until further notice.

Signed .....

June 17th, 1916.....

NOTE.—Each member of a family desiring to be insured must fill up a separate form.

If you make use of this Newsagent's Form you must fill in clause (*a*) of the Registration Form which will be found next to this, and post it to JOHN BULL Insurance Dept., 93, Long Acre, London, W.C., where your name and the name of your nominee will be duly registered.

A halfpenny stamp should be forwarded if an acknowledgment of receipt of Coupon is desired.

REGISTRATION FORM

Which must be posted to—
The INSURANCE DEPT., JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, W.C.

This is to notify that I have this day (*Strike out one of these.*)

(*a*) Placed an order for the *regular* weekly supply of JOHN BULL with .....

Newsagent of.....

.....

and desire you to register me as a regular subscriber under the terms of your Insurance Scheme.

—OR—

(*b*) Purchased a copy of JOHN BULL, dated as under, and desire to be insured against war risks for one week from the date of receipt by you of this form.

June 17, 1916.

And in the event of my being injured or killed on land within the British Isles, or of my home or its contents being damaged, I hereby nominate to receive any payment due under this insurance, first myself, or in the event of my death the

Name of Nominee.....

Address .....

Signature of Insured .....
(Mr., Mrs., or Miss)

Address .....

.....

I'm an independent, free and easy, antiquated chappy,
Always merry, bright and breezy, always gay and happy.
Chairman Juniors, just my style,
Keep me ever juvenile,
I recommend them all the while.
They're jolly good company.

If you examine a packet of Chairman Juniors cigarettes you will find that they are beautifully made, wholly free from dust and are well packed. Smoke one, and the flavour, coolness and clean Virginian aroma will convince you of the quality and fineness of the blend of the tobacco. They are excellent in every respect—in fact they are the original Chairman cigarettes made a little smaller that they may be sold everywhere at

10 for 3d.

In Chairman Juniors all the value is in the cigarettes, as there are no coupons or pictures with them.... And they are made and guaranteed in every particular by

R. J. LEA, Ltd., Manchester.

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